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Northern Messenger

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VOLUME XL. No. 52 MONTREAL, DECEMBER 29, 1905. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'The Lord Will Command His Loving Kindness in the Daytime and in the Night His Song Shall Be With Me.'

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life with which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused; he answered, soft and low,
'God's will to know.'

'Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?' I cried;
And ere the question into silence died,
The answer came—'Nay, but remember, too,
God's will to do.'

Once more I asked, 'Is there no more to tell?'
And once again the answer sweetly fell—
'Yes! this one thing, all other things above,
God's will to love.'

—'M. C. Advocate.'

Old Year Memories.

(Susan E. Gammons.)

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret
The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,
The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us
Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,
The yielding to temptations that beset,
That he perchance, though grief be unavailing,
Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving,
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving
When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm and strong,
The fragrance of each life of holy living
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,
Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,
What love of God or man has rendered precious,
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,
We tenderly may bid the year 'Good-by,'
Holding in memory the good it brought us,
Letting the evils die.

Help for the New Year.

I am glad to think I am not bound to make the world go right, but only to discover and to do, with cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.—Jean Ingelow.

We ought not to be weary of doing little things for the love of God, who regards not the greatness of the work, but the love with which it is performed.—Brother Lawrence.

One vow will not suffice the long year through.
One prayer a twelve-month's needs may not allay;
Crown every morn with pure resolve anew,
And live each day as though 'twere New Year's Day.

We must recognize the great end of all this panting and running and toiling—not that you or I should reach the goal, and be rich and honored in men's mouths, but that the torch of truth that was put into our hands when we started should reach the people at the end all alight with truth as when we took it. Let it be our hands if we can, that bring it there, and then the honor shall be ours; but that must not be our end. Let no petty conceit or unfledged pride keep us from giving it to a fresher and stronger man, with a hearty God-speed to run the next stage of the same great journey.—Phillips Brooks.

God's Part and Ours.

God hath a thousand keys to open a thousand doors for the deliverance of His own when it has come to the greatest extremity. Let us be faithful and care for our own part, which is to do and suffer for Him, and lay God's part on Himself and leave it there; duties are ours, events are the Lord's. When our faith goeth to meddle with events, and to hold a court (if I may so speak) upon God's providence, and beginneth to say, 'How wilt thou do this or that?' we lose ground, we have nothing to do there; it is our part to let the Almighty exercise His own office and steer His own helm.—Samuel Rutherford.

How Shall We Enter In?

(Lucy Larcom.)

We pause beside this door:
Thy year, O God, how shall we enter in?
How shall we thence thy hidden treasures win?
Shall we return in beggary as before,
When thou art near at hand, with infinite wealth
Wisdom, and heavenly health?

The footsteps of a child
Sound close behind us. Listen, he will speak!
His birthday bells have hardly rung a week,
Yet has he trod the world's press undefiled.
'Enter through me,' he saith, 'nor wander more;
For lo! I am the Door.'

Victorian Indian Orphan Society.

Those readers of the 'Northern Messenger' who are interested in the work carried on amongst the famine orphans at Dhar, Central India, by the above Society, will be glad to hear that the monthly reports from the missionaries show that the children are making most satisfactory progress. Dr. Margaret O'Hara, who largely superintends the work amongst the girls, has been on furlough in Canada this last summer. The children are so fondly attached to her, and she to them, that it was questionable whether she or they felt the parting most keenly, and during her absence many of them wrote interesting letters to her (in Hindi of course), that she was greatly cheered and encouraged. She sailed from Montreal on her return journey on the 27th of October, so we hope soon to hear of her safe arrival and warm welcome at Dhar. Whilst she has been in Canada, the Rev. F. Russell, the missionary in charge, has managed to get a building put up for a schoolroom for the children, and this will be formally opened with much rejoicing as soon as possible after Miss O'Hara's return, for which they have been waiting, as she especially, has so sorely felt the need of this for some time past. A number of girls who are showing considerable ability should now be trained as teachers, of whom there is great need, and this could not be done satisfactorily in the former cramped quarters, so the missionaries feel this new schoolroom will be a very great help. As in 1903 and 1904, this year the society is again arranging to give the children a Christmas treat, and it is intended to make this an annual affair, Besides the children in the Orphanage, and their teachers, all who have left and are still in the neighborhood, 'brothers and sisters,' are invited, so they make a numerous and very happy family, about 150 having to be provided for.

Some of the older ones who first came into the Orphanage in 1897 are now living in homes of their own, and proving useful Christian members of the community; lately a couple were married and went to the recently opened Leper Asylum to do the housework there, and thus the faithful, loving work done in the Orphanage will gradually make itself felt throughout the district and beyond.

This work being undenominational, is a splendid opportunity for Union Christian Endeavor Societies and other young people's organizations, as $17.00 a year wholly provides for the support of a child, with $1.00 a year added for membership of this society, the membership fees being used for expenses of postage, etc., and any balance left over is used for the support of additional children.

The following is quoted from a recent monthly report:—'You will be pleased to hear the children are exceptionally good. . . . I do not think it would be possible to find so many children together in one institution in any country who would give less trouble. They are of course quite busy, which goes far towards keeping them happy. It is a great pleasure to watch their bright faces in school or in church, and especially to see the eagerness with which they answer questions and follow the teaching. I only wish that all of you who are doing such a noble work for them could see them as they are; the sight of them would, I feel sure, repay you for all the effort on their behalf. We here have, in a sense, the advantage; we have the burden and anxiety, it is true, but we have also the joy of seeing these children growing in likeness to the Saviour, whom they have come to know and love.'

Should any reader desire further information about this work, the secretary-treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg, will be pleased to answer any questions.

Postal Crusade.

Every cent of the money sent to the 'Witness' office or intrusted to me has been paid into the work of the Post Office Crusade.

In addition to what has been acknowledged in the 'Messenger,' $114.71 was received since January, 1905. Some of this was for papers. A generous portion for native preacher, Bible woman and orphan boy, and a liberal gift for anti-infidel literature.

A large number of subscriptions to the 'Witness' publications expire on Dec. 31st. If renewals are not paid in and the supply continued, friends in India will know why their papers cease.

It is impossible for me to reply to letters. As a rule I have noticed that when a request that was genuine came from India the money to cover the expenses of the request arrived from an unexpected source almost about the same time.

Those in India receiving papers and wishing for a change in their address will kindly write to the Managing Editors of the papers sent to them. As I am not a paid employee of any periodical, my time, strength, postage, car fare, and stationary are too precious for any purpose but that which benefits those who really make the very best use of the help received. The money that comes in for this work is that of self-sacrifice, and given for the love of the Master, and it is the desire of the contributors to help those who are willing to help themselves.—Faithfully

M. EDWARDS COLE.

P.S.—Miss Dunhill is on her way to India.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Mrs. W. H. Allsworth, Lansing, Mich., $2.00; John Jones, S. S. Teacher, Otterburn, Man., $1.00; total, $3.00.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

Meyrl D. Dodds, L., Ont., $1.00; A Friend, East Advocate, 80c.; Mrs. A. E. Grommion, B. R. B., Ont., 60c.; Earl Farrington, Cherry Valley, Ont., 25c.; Mabel Farrington, Cherry Valley, Ont., 15c.; Mrs. W. Thompson, Nantyr, Ont., 20c.; Annie Douglas, Walton, Ont., 10c.; Norman Grills, Union Point, Man., 10c.; total, $3.20.

'Keep your heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. Keep your imaginations, and don't allow polluting thoughts to gain access by any preventable mediums. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.'

SHOW THIS COPY TO YOUR FRIENDS.

The 'Northern Messenger' and the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,'

Only $1.20 a Year.

Those who receive the 'Northern Messenger' through their Sunday-school may have the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' in addition by sending us eighty cents with the coupon on another page.

BOYS AND GIRLS

New Year's Day With Chinese Boys and Girls.

(The Rev. Frederic Poole, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

The Chinese boys and girls—especially the boys—get lots of fun out of their yearly festivals, and the little urchins look forward to their holiday times with as much glee and happiness as we do on Christmas and New Year's Day.

There is the Lantern Festival, when all turn out to witness the brilliant display, for the whole country is ablaze with the light of thousands of paper lanterns made in all sorts of fancy shapes.

But perhaps the chief reason why the little folks in China look forward to the Moon Festival is because they get all they want of those little moon-shaped cakes which are made only for this occasion. They are very prettily decorated, but oh! so awfully indigestible that the next day the little fellows who are suffering from stomach ache are apt to think that there was a dead toad in the cake instead of the moon.

But the great day of all days for the children is New Year's Day. I think, if you were to ask a little Chinese boy what he meant by 'New Year's,' he would say, 'Noise, and plenty of it.' For weeks the Chinese are preparing for this great event. Houses are cleaned, and the shopkeeper looks forward to it with great satisfaction, because he knows that his customers, if they have any self-respect, will be sure to pay their debts before the new year; for it is considered a great disgrace to start the new year in debt.

The Chinese know nothing about Christmas, because, you know, that beautiful holiday belongs only to Christian countries.

By the way, boys, ask your father which comes first, Christmas or New Year's. He is sure to say 'Christmas,' and then you can laugh, and tell him that he is wrong.

Well, New Year's ever comes first in China, just as it does here, and, dear me, what a time of frolic and nervous expectancy it is for the little slant-eyed boys and girls. Lots of firecrackers are laid by in readiness, but none must be let off before the proper time.

Nobody goes to bed that night, but all sit up waiting for the first hour of the new day, when the father, and his wife and little ones, all worship before the spirit tables of their ancestors, and then at the shrine of the household gods.

Then the door is opened, and the whole family and servants go outside and bow down to a certain part in the heavens which has been indicated in the Chinese calendar, and so worship heaven and earth, and receive the spirit of gladness and good fortune which, they say, comes from that quarter of the heavens.

Then the noise begins, and when I was in China I often used to think that it was a good thing that the country was so big, for every one of the four hundred millions are setting off firecrackers at the same time. This is to frighten away evil spirits, and I have thought many a time that those spirits must have a bad time of it during the dawn of the Chinese New Year.

Then, too, we Americans could walk along the streets for once in the year feeling sure that nobody would curse us, or call us 'foreign devils,' for it is unlucky to use that bad word at such a happy time. Dear me, how I wish that New Year's would last twelve months!

But the first day has come, and the little Chinese children get ready to enjoy it for all it is worth. They are dressed in their best and gaudiest clothes, which are only worn on this occasion. The father has got from the pawn-shop his finest silk gowns, which that obliging 'relative' has taken good care of during the past twelve months, and, thus splendidly attired, the proud father and his little boys start out on a little visiting trip to his relatives and friends, to 'Kung Hi, Fah Tsoi,'—wish them a happy new year and many riches.

'What,' you say, 'don't the little girls go too?'

No; they must stay at home, because the little girl is not so important as her brother, besides, she would have difficulty in walking far in her tiny 'golden lily' shoes, which do not measure more than three inches in length.

But what a day it is for the little boy! He has already got his first present when Santa Claus, that is to say, the boy's father (same thing, you see, as in this country), gave him a little string of copper cash tied on a red cord; for it is unlucky to start the new year without any money in your pocket, and that is something both you and I agree with,—isn't it?

But our little Chinese boy could never carry home all the money that is given to him, for it is the custom for every one whom he visits to give him presents of money, as well as candy and cakes. Of course, the father takes charge of this,—I mean the money,—and I have often wondered if his little son ever sees his money presents again. I really think that a little Chinese boy must be a good investment for his father on New Year's Day in China.

But the visiting is soon over, and then the little Chinaman is off, sometimes with his sister, to see the sights in the streets. They look at the peep-shows and the Punch-and-Judy shows, which, by the way, is a Chinese invention. They spin their tops and fly their kites, until the sound of gongs and drums tells them that there is a theatre or a juggling-show somewhere near, and off they go, and soon are to be found in the front row, clapping their hands in childish glee at the funny antics of the performers, until the man comes round with the hat, and then there is a patter of small feet as the youngsters scurry away, for the Chinese boys have no use for the hat,—like some other boys I know.

But twilight finds the tired little folks at home, for they are afraid to be out at dark; and little John Chinaman closes the day in eating sweetmeats, or in taking his turn at beating the unmusical gong, or in diving among the mass of red paper in the courtyard, where the fireworks were let off by his father and big brothers, in the search for unexploded single crackers, which he at once puts to their proper use, until, tired out with his day's exertions, he is put to bed, and is soon sound asleep, dreaming of cakes and candy, copper cash, and Punch-and-Judy shows, and 'Cr-cr-cr-crack—bing—bang—boom!'

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia NcNair Wright, by special arrangement with the National Temperance Society and Publication House, who hold the American Copyright.)

CHAPTER I.

Rasmus in the Rushes.

Then banks came down with ruin and rout,
Then beaten foam flew all about,
Then all the mighty floods were out.'

Between two forlorn landscapes, a mighty tawny flood, dominant over its natural bounds, is flinging itself across the country, sending terror before it, leaving desolation behind, boastfully tossing its plunder on its muddy breast. Sweeping resistlessly southwest, with a hollow roar as of far-off, persistent thunder, the swollen Ohio carries trees, lumber, cord-wood, chicken-coops, sheds, furniture, hay-ricks, straw-stacks, a dead brute or two, a drenched cock gloomily voyaging on a raft of corn-stalks, an unhappy cat, clinging desperately to the roof of a shed—all these, tumbling, jostling, tossing, half submerged. In mid-stream, drifting heavily, the windows of the second story not far above the water-line, went a small house. Behind it, floating fast in its wake, sped a stout pig-pen, well built of heavy planking, one-half of it provided with a roof. It was a pen that had long been tenantless, washed by rain, swept by wind, bleached by the cleansing sun; it floated like a raft on the surface of the angry river, offering no resistance to the water, and following hard upon the slower motion of the deeply-sunken house. In the pig-pen, luxuriously established on a bed of new straw and corn-stalks, of a tint brighter than the pale crocus-hue of the new dawn, flat on his back, his face to the feebly-growing light, his arms flung over his round, black, curly head, his skin tanned by exposure to a strong, perennial red, sleeping the sleep of the just, lay a nineteenth century Moses in the bullrushes—Rasmus—a tramp.

The pen moved faster than the house, and behind it, in the path traced by the larger building along the water. The distance between the two speedily diminished: the pen came with a crash against the dwelling, and a projecting plank crushed in the window. The cracas woke the child of luck; he sat up, alert, and in possession of himself, as much surprised as he ever allowed himself to be, and remarked to himself, 'Here's a go!' Then he rose to his feet, shook the straw from his clothes, combed with his fingers stray wisps from his hair, and continued his monologue. 'Here, if I haven't gone and set myself up with a yacht, while I was asleep! Going off down the river on a tower! and now if I ain't likely to become a bloated householder!' He seized the window-sill, and wrenched the remnant of the fragile sash from its place. Then clasping his knees against the pen, and his elbows like grappling-irons within the window, he held firmly by the house found derelict, and thrusting head and shoulders through the empty frame, surveyed the interior. The upper story was but one room: a table heaped with books, a row of pegs holding clothing, a bureau with open drawers, promiscuously filled, as if in some hasty attempt at salvage—three or four chairs, the muddy Ohio water washing almost a foot deep on the floor—in the far corner a bed—on the bed a pillow, with light, soft hair floating loosely across it.

At this sight the tramp recklessly flung himself into the window, and went softly toward the bed. He touched the wavy hair with a gentle finger, and just as gently moved the bed-clothes, and with an expression of disappointment, said 'Straight as a die! I might have knowed it. I never have any luck!' After which inscrutable remonstrance against the straightness proper to a young boy, he sat on the edge of the bed, his feet dangling in the water, and putting his hand under the sleeper's chin, cried, 'Wake up, brother!'

A good mile away this 'brother' might have heard the stentorian challenge: it called him back from farthest dreamland, whither deep exhaustion and the cradling of the waters had carried him. He sat up, eyed the stranger, the disordered room, the broken window, the pen rudely bumping against the house, the tossing, yellow flood—deduced and expressed the facts of the case.

'Why! This house was carried off while I was asleep!'

'You bet!' said his morning guest. 'Where's your folks?'

'Haven't any—not around here.'

'None? Whose things are these? Whose house is it?'

'Mine, I suppose. They were old Tom Andrews's, till he was buried yesterday morning. What made me sleep so hard I did not know I was carried off was, I have been nursing him about two weeks.'

'Relation of yours?'

'Kind of a cousin. I saw the water was coming into the down-stairs room, last night, but I never thought it would sweep away the house. I brought up all the things I could, and then I read till the lamp burned out, and I lay down, dressed—and the thing got away while I was asleep.'

'You're a plucky one!' said the tramp; 'there's many a little shaver wouldn't have took easy to sleeping alone in a house the first night a corpse was carried out of it.'

'I don't see what there was in that,' said the boy; 'but I wouldn't have stayed if I'd though of being carried away while I was asleep.'

'I reckon not,' drawled the tramp; 'and there's my new yacht got carried away while I'm awake!' He splashed along to the window, and looked after the pig-pen, that, having fulfilled its destiny, had swung clear of the house, and was making its accelerated way down-stream.

The boy had found his shoes on his bed, and reaching for comb and towel from the bureau, proceeded to make his toilet, using the river water that washed about the floor.

'Rayther of a dandy, ain't you, brother? But I go in for that sort of thing, myself,' said Rasmus. Then his eye fell on a big tin pan standing on a chair. Bread, meat, butter, a jug of milk, in the pan, reminded him of breakfast. Appetite with Rasmus was always 'yours to command.' He carried the pan to the bed, and invited his host to breakfast. He looked about as he ate.

'And these is all your things, says you? Pity to leave 'em all to go to the bottom of the river. I see a suit on the nails as would fit me handsome.'

'If they're going to the bottom, I would like to save a change of clothes,' said the lad; 'but where are we going?'

The house gave a sudden lurch, and then righted; but a new flood had entered at the window, and the structure lay deeper.

'We're going to get off this craft before she breaks up,' said Rasmus, 'and the first thing will be to take to the roof, then we'll know where to find ourselves. Is that your grip-sack? Will you make me a present of it?'

'You may have whatever you want!' cried the boy, desperately, as he felt the poorly-built house quivering.

'Then, brother,' said the tramp, cheerfully, 'over your head is the scuttle-hole; and on yon piece of furniture I see a leather bag. I recommends you to tumble in it whatsoever you want to save, and then climb out on the roof, an' I'll follow you. Don't stop to get a razor, or white kid gloves; go in for solid plunder.'

Even while he was speaking, he took the best man's-suit from the pegs, underwear from the open drawers, and filled the carpet-bag he had requested for himself, with flannel and kerchiefs.

He evidently believed in the survival of the fittest, and had a singular facility in selecting the same.

'I say, brother!' he shouted through the scuttle, 'you don't mind my taking a boiled shirt, do you? They'll go to the bottom, anyway.'

'Take them all; I don't care,' said the young owner, who had filled his small satchel judiciously and quickly, and clambered to the roof.

'Not all,' said Rasmus, solemnly, shaking his head. 'I don't set up for no Vanderbilt.'

His plunder being piled on the bed, he stood there himself, shifted his clothes with the celerity of a 'transformation man,' filled his bag, tied the remaining provisions in a clean towel, and fastened his wet shoes and socks to the bag handle. Then he rolled his new trousers to the knee, knotted a red bandanna about his brawny neck, put a blue one in his coat pocket, and finally crawled up through the scuttle, gay and glowing. He had never been so well dressed in his life.

The sun had fully risen; the mid-sky was an intense blue, the east a vivid flame, and in the glory of the sunshine the river was transmuted to a flood of molten gold. The birds broke into song; sudden bluebirds and premature robins appeared on the distant shrubs or fences; the sweeping Ohio uplands, and the low lying Virginia hills were no longer gray, but bronze; and twig and tree, and long bramble whips, had the tints of red and green, that speak a new spring-life in flowers. But the river roared and threatened, and hurled its debris. The roof of the tenant house sloped, but not sharply, from front to back. The building now gave another lurch forward, and the water poured as before in at the upper windows, while the few articles of heavy furniture fell to the declined side, and the whole structure settled and filled until the roof was lying nearly level, and only a foot or two above the water.

'You'd have been drowned in your sleep, brother, if we hadn't happened to come aboard,' said Rasmus, calmly.

'Will she float this way long?' asked the alarmed boy.

'No, pardner, she won't. She'll go to pieces,' replied Rasmus, with the tranquillity of one whose normal condition had been a succession of untoward accidents.

'But what shall we do? We can't swim in this flood!'

'If she breaks up,' said Rasmus, looking longingly at his new plunder, 'I can't save you and the grip-sack. Howsumever, brother,' he added with a sigh, 'I'll save you. I give you my hand on it. I've lived without riches; but I couldn't live with a yellow-haired boy's drowning lying heavy on my mind.'

He held out his big hand, and the boy made haste to seize it in token of sealing the compact, but it did not reassure him. The house cracked and quivered with the pressure of the tumultuous water. He gave an involuntary cry.

'Always keep brain end up, brother,' said the tramp, coolly, 'or you'll come to some bad end.' He then demonstrated the presence of mind which he characterized as 'brain end up,' by studying the river, and the course of the flotsam borne on it. Then he spoke cheerily.

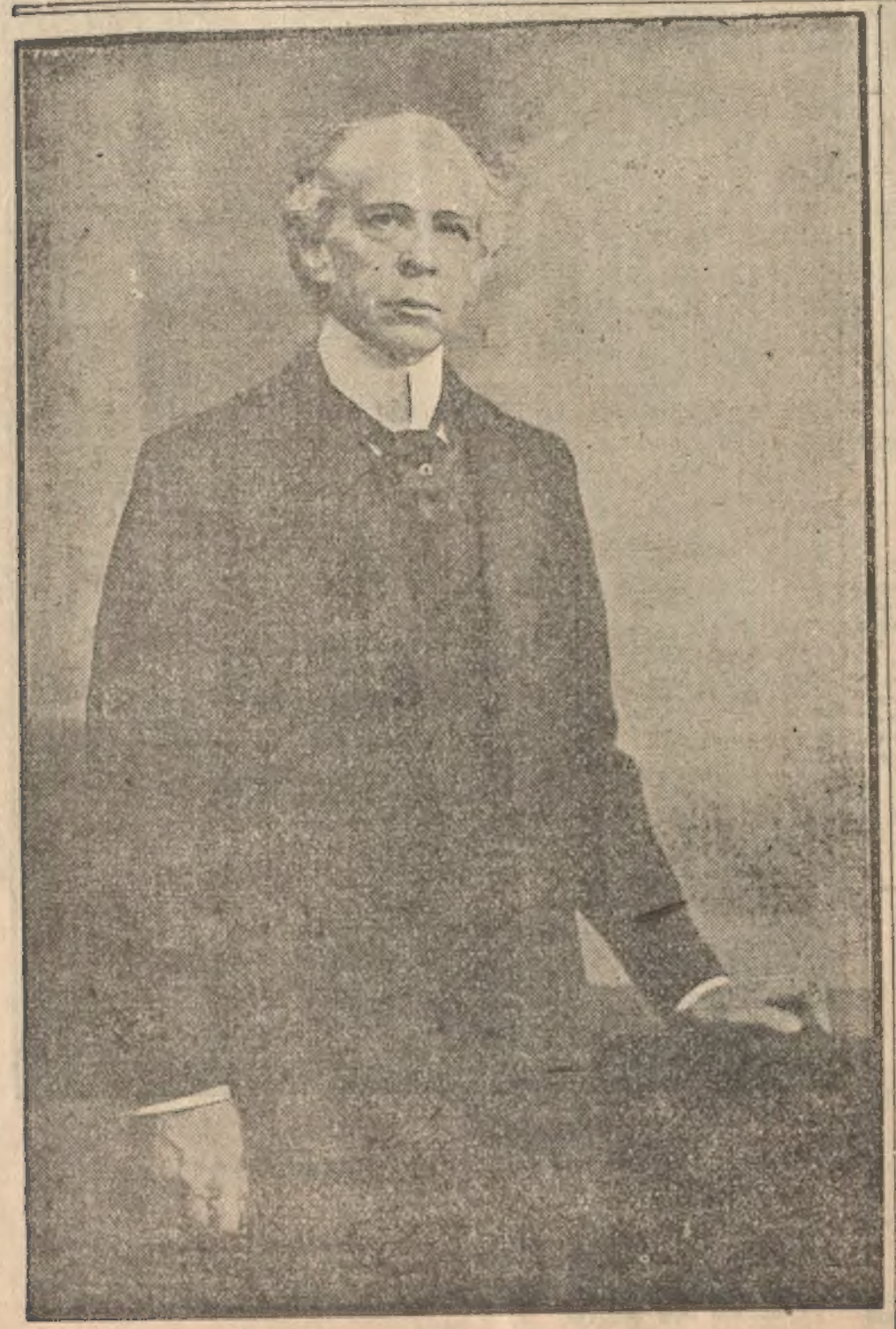
'Now, brother, I've lost my yacht this morning without a murmur, and likewise we have got to lose our house. I'm not kicking about it. Seeing as I'm alone in the world, I don't know as I care to be a householder. I might not like to pay taxes. You notice, pardner, that all that goes ahead of us catches in that eddy, 'bout a mile down-stream, and swings up against them trees? There's quite a pile of wrack below them, and our house will turn in [illegible] by a

(Continued on Page 9.)

December 29, 1905.

Supplement to the Northern Messenger.

In connection with the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the old publishing house of John Dougall & Son, the "Northern Messenger," the "World Wide" and the "Witness" are receiving testimonials of the great value of these publications to the whole Dominion.—We give a few in this issue.



THE RIGHT HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER, P.C., G.C.M.G.,

The Prime Minister of Canada writes

MINIATURE OF FIRST NEWSPAPER

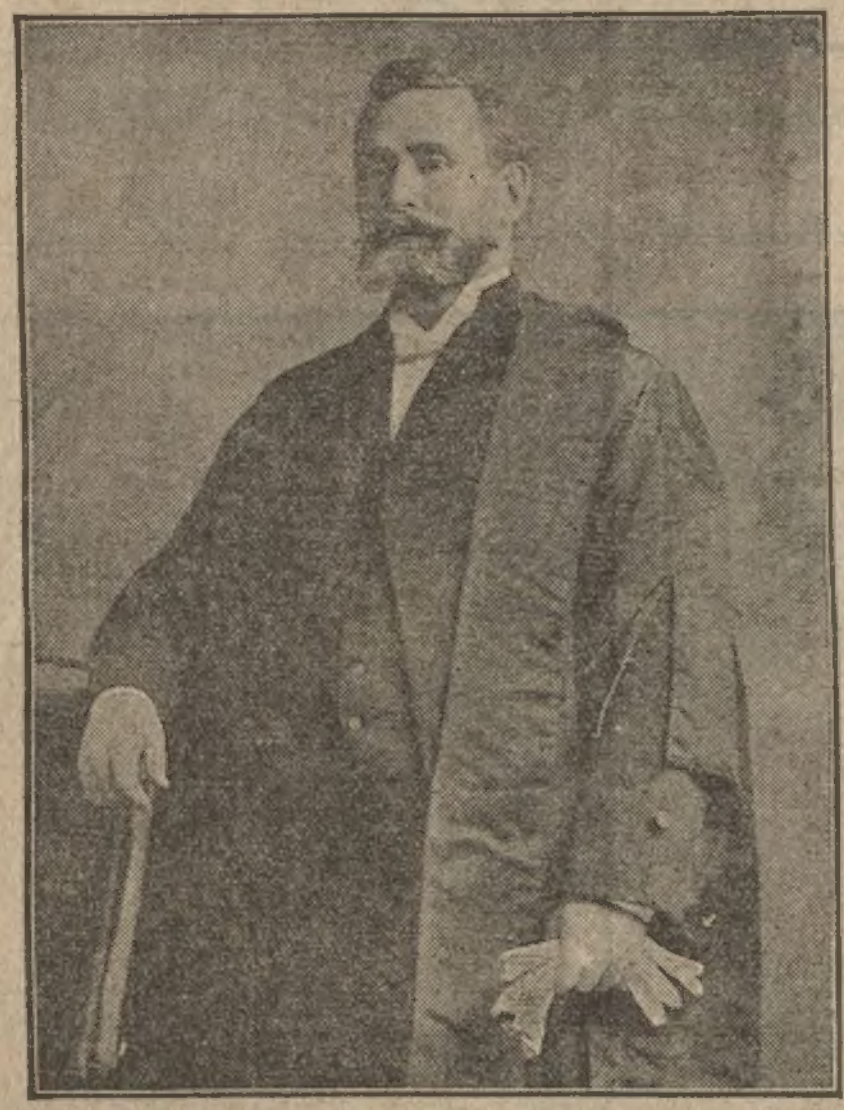
Published by the founder, the late Mr. John Dougall
Issued middle of December, 1845.

THE
MONTREAL WITNESS
WEEKLY REVIEW AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Just sixty years ago today the first sample numbers of the "Witness" were issued. How the "Witness" has served its day and generation may be gathered from a perusal of a selection of the host

ligious denomination, or of great moneyed interests and which foregoes much revenues from all sorts of questionable sources, is especially dependent on the help of those who do really value it. Therefore, we give space to the appreci-

THE HON. L. GOUIN,



SENATOR DANDURAND,

Speaker of the Canadian Senate, Ottawa.

Dear Mr. Dougall:—I have been a constant reader of the 'Witness' ever since my boyhood. This covers a period of about 35 years.

I highly value the intellectual and moral training this daily contact has given me, for the 'Witness' has always been more than a newspaper. It has striven to educate and to ennoble. Upon all questions its sincerity has never been doubted. Is not sincerity the highest-prized virtue in public men?

I have held the opinions of the 'Witness' in such high esteem that when it has come in conflict with some of my deep rooted convictions I have often become less sure that I was right.

I wish you continued prosperity and influence.

R. DANDURAND.

MR. C. R. HOSMER,

Director of the Bank of Montreal, Canadian Pacific Railway, Royal Trust of Canada, and President of the Ogilvie Milling Company, etc.

4 Hospital Street,

Dec. 12, 1905.

The 'Witness,' Montreal:—

Dear Sir,—I am pleased to have the opportunity of adding my congratulations to the 'Witness' on its attaining the celebration of its Diamond Jubilee.

I have some hesitancy in stating how many, many years ago it was that I first saw the 'Witness' in my father's home, when he was a subscriber first to the tri-weekly and later on to the daily, and I have never in all these years failed to read it whenever I have been where it could be obtained, and my sincere wish is that both the paper and the family who founded it may have many years of prosperity.

I am, yours sincerely,

CHAS. R. HOSMER.

F. H. MATHEWSON,

First Vice-President Montreal Board of trade, Montreal Manager Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Montreal, 5th December, 1905.

John R. Dougall, Esq.,
The 'Witness,'
Montreal.

Dear Sir,—Please accept my congratulations upon your paper having reached its sixtieth anniversary. I have been a reader of the 'Witness' since boyhood, and I cannot speak too highly of its excellence as a newspaper, and of the high moral tone which it has always maintained in its editorials. I hope the 'Witness' may long continue the good work which it has done in the past. Your financial articles are always ably written, and most interesting.

Yours truly,

F. H. MATHEWSON.

THE MONTREAL 'WITNESS' JUBILEE.

(From the Toronto 'Globe.')

Sixty years ago the first number of the Montreal 'Weekly Witness' was sent out to the people of Canada as a specimen, and it was followed shortly afterwards by the first number of a regular series that has gone on uninterruptedly ever since. Forty-five years ago the 'Daily Witness' began its course, and that has been one of steady continuance in well-doing. Both the weekly and the daily editions have reached a stable and well-recognized position in Canadian journalism, and all who admire a courageous, though sometimes discouraging, struggle for the right will be glad to believe the opinion of the 'Witness'

THE HON. W. A. WEIR, M.P.P.,

Speaker of the Quebec Legislature, writes:

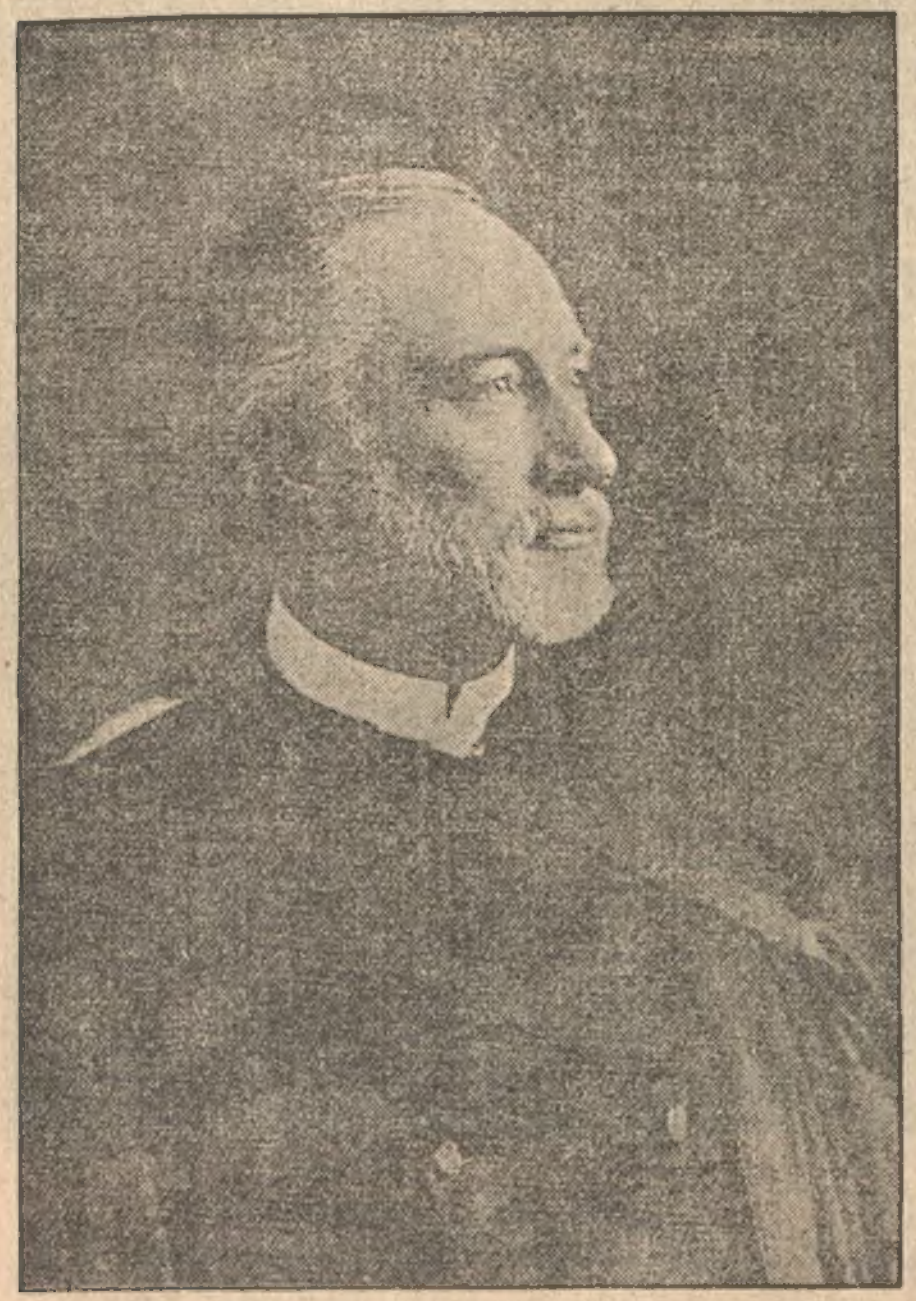
Nov. 30, 1905.

Messrs. John Dougall & Sons,,
Publishers of the 'Witness,' Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Please accept my hearty congratulations on your Diamon Jubilee. The 'Witness' was the first newspaper I ever saw, and was as much esteemed in my father's home, as it is now in mine. It is irrevocably linked with my early memories, and commands my esteem and affection. May its usefulness long continue!

Yours faithfully,

W. A. WEIR.



THE REV. JOHN SCRIMGER, D.D.,

Principal of the Presbyterian College.

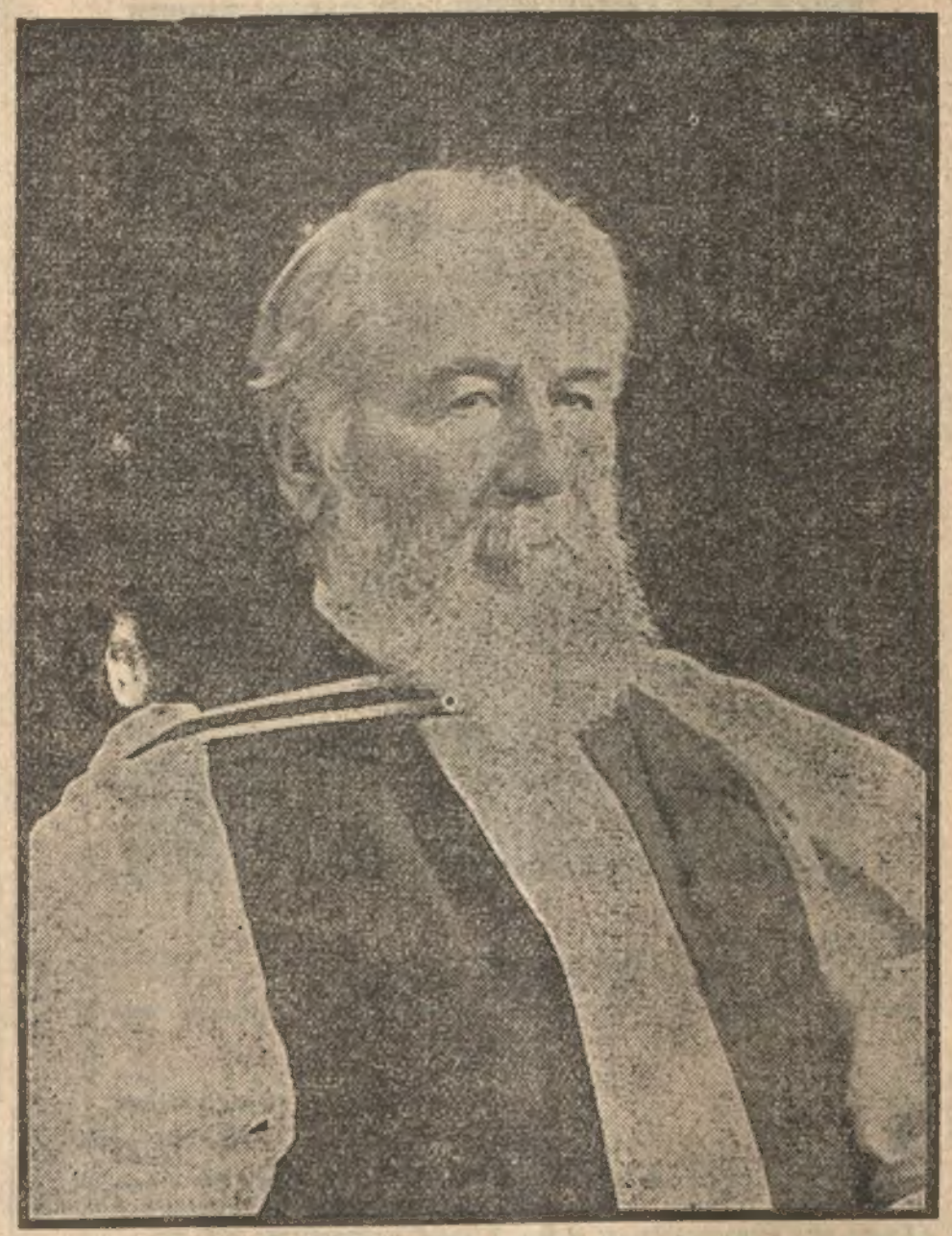
Montreal, Nov. 13, 1905.

Dear Sirs:—Allow me to congratulate the 'Witness' on reaching its Diamond Jubilee. More or less regularly I have been a reader of the 'Witness' for some forty years or more, and have always respected its earnest independent tone on all kinds of subjects. Many changes have taken place in that time, but it has remained staunch to the principles which it then advocated. It has never sacrificed principle for the sake of popularity and has often had to suffer for its fidelity to its own ideas. But it is that fact which has given it the unique confidence of a large number of the best people in the country. Canada owes a debt of obligation to the 'Witness' which it will never be able to repay, however prosperous the paper might become, for the persistent way in which it has held up the highest and worthiest ideals of life and duty, even when the majority have been unwilling to listen. It would be a national misfortune if anything should occur to interrupt its noble mission.

It would be a great national benefit if the people of Canada through a still more active support greatly enlarged the sphere of the 'Witness' influence.

Yours very truly,

JOHN SCRIMGER.



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BOND,

Anglican Primate of all Canada.

Bishop's Court, Montreal,

6th Nov., 1905.

My dear Mr. Dougall,—I look back with pleasure and admiration, to the good and arduous work of your father, in connection with the 'Witness,' from its beginning.

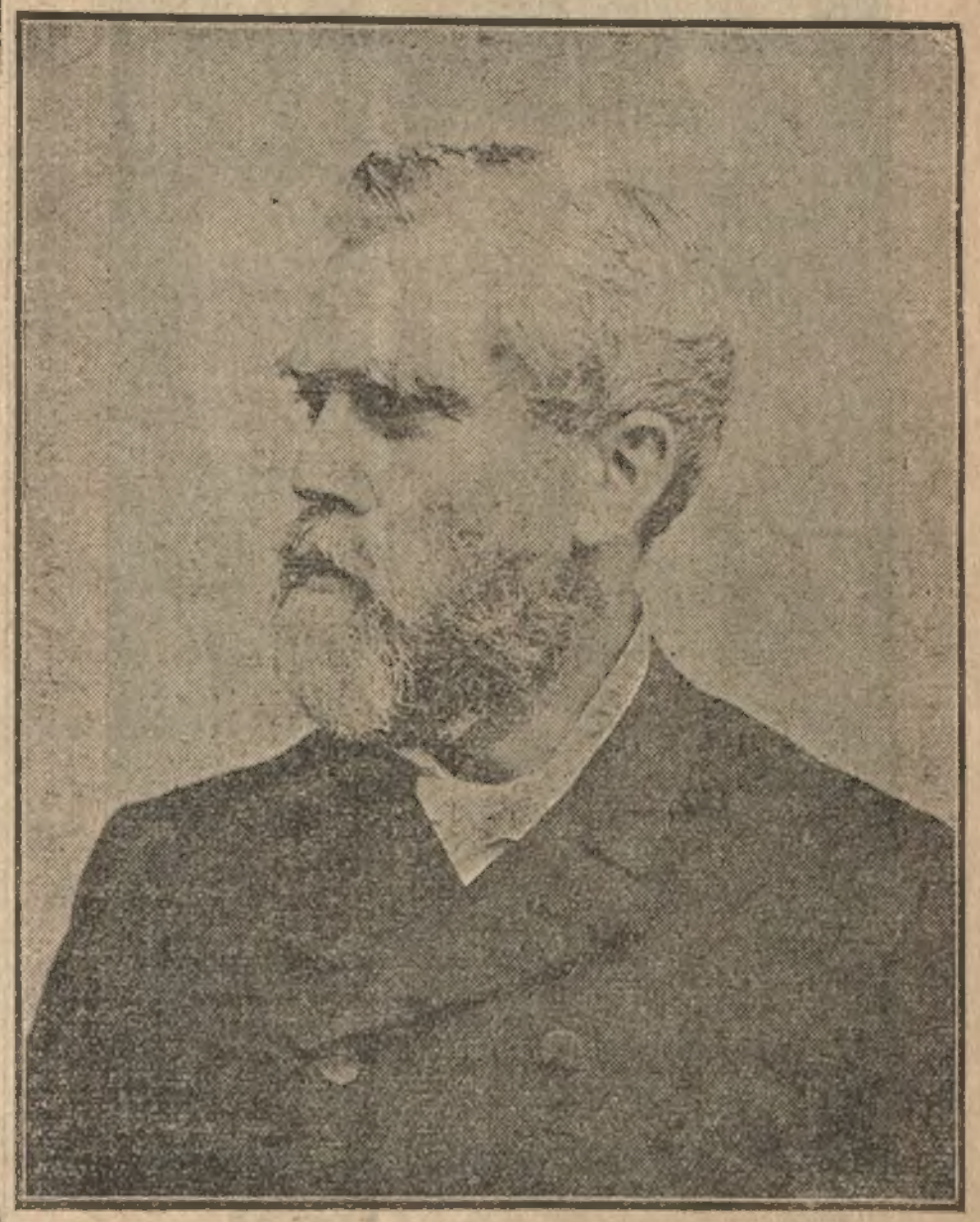
His fearless and able advocacy of the cause of Temperance, contributed largely to placing Canada amongst the most temperate of all lands.

And his watchfulness over the moral and religious tone of the 'Witness,' secured in a great measure, for the 'Paper,' a most beneficial influence, in the homes and hearts of our people.

I trust that the future of the 'Witness,' may be blessed of God, for increased power for good, and still larger usefulness in promoting the religious character of this magnificent Dominion.

Truly yours

W. B. MONTREAL.



THE REV. DR. SHAW.

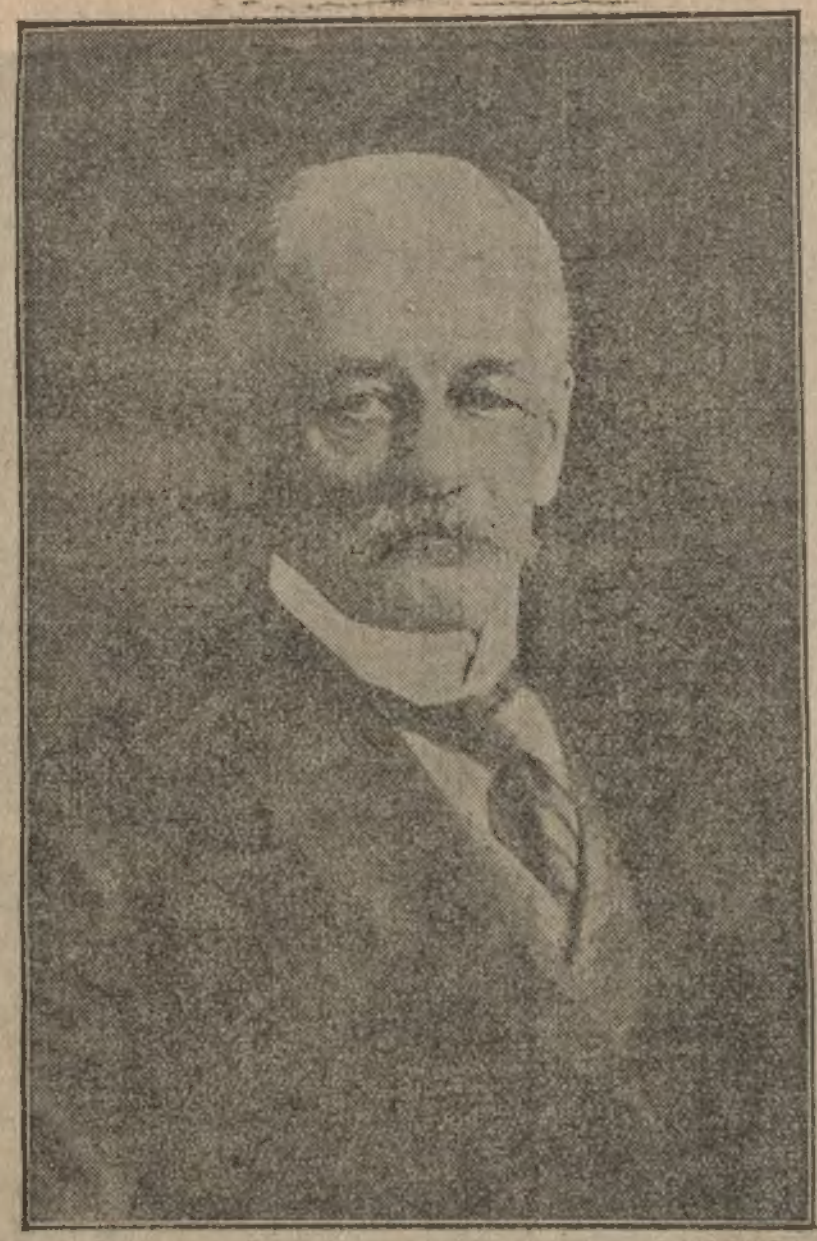
Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College.

Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

I join with tens of thousands in Canada and elsewhere in greetings to the 'Witness' and congratulations on the occasion of its Diamond Jubilee. The 'Witness' and I have not always agreed, but as one of its readers for 38 years I have never failed to appreciate its honest independence, its editorial ability, and its defence of all that is purest and best in public and social life. May it live to enjoy many more jubilees.

WILLIAM I. SHAW.

Nov. 13, 1905.



THE HON. MR. JUSTICE HENRI T. TASCHEREAU,

Judge of the Superior Court.

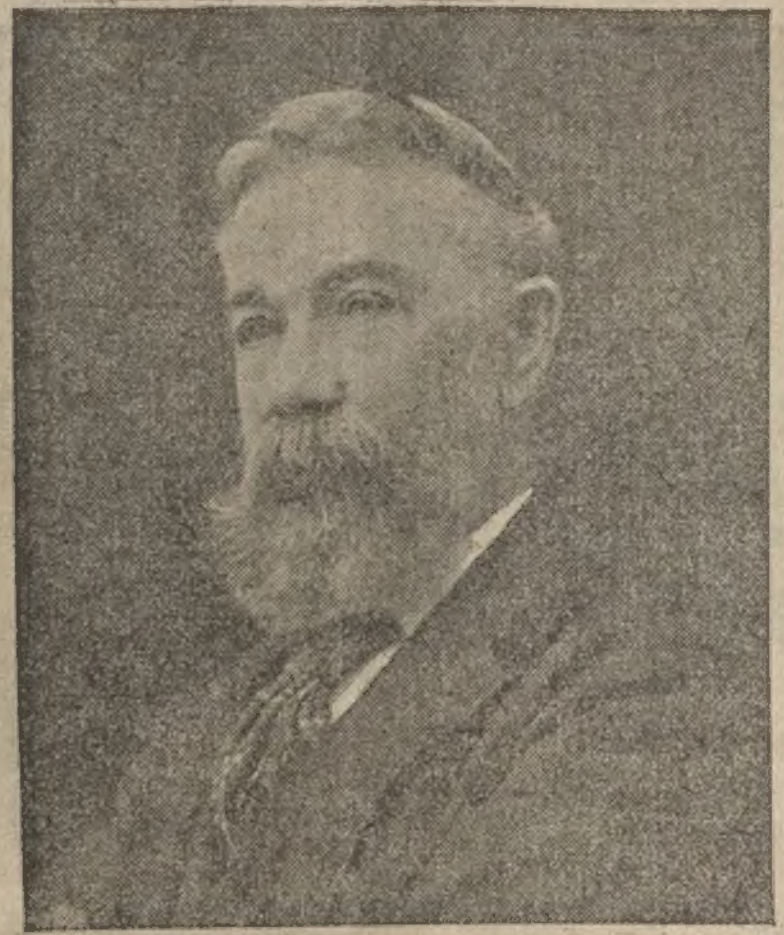
The Judges' Chambers, Dec. 14, 1905.

To the 'Witness,' Montreal.

I am happy to send my greeting to the 'Witness' on the occasion of its Diamond Jubilee.

We Judges are forbidden to be enthusiastic, whether for praise or for blame, in matters of public concern our views and opinions cannot be too carefully weighed and expressed. However, in the case of this venerable paper, I can safely state that it is always welcomed at the Court House, that we appreciate its independence, impartiality, and high-toned journalism, and that with the mass of the public, even when seeing things from a different standpoint, we can never fail to respect and admire the 'Witness.'

HENRI T. TASCHEREAU.



MR. ROBERT MEIGHEN,

President of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, Director of Bank of Toronto, etc., etc.

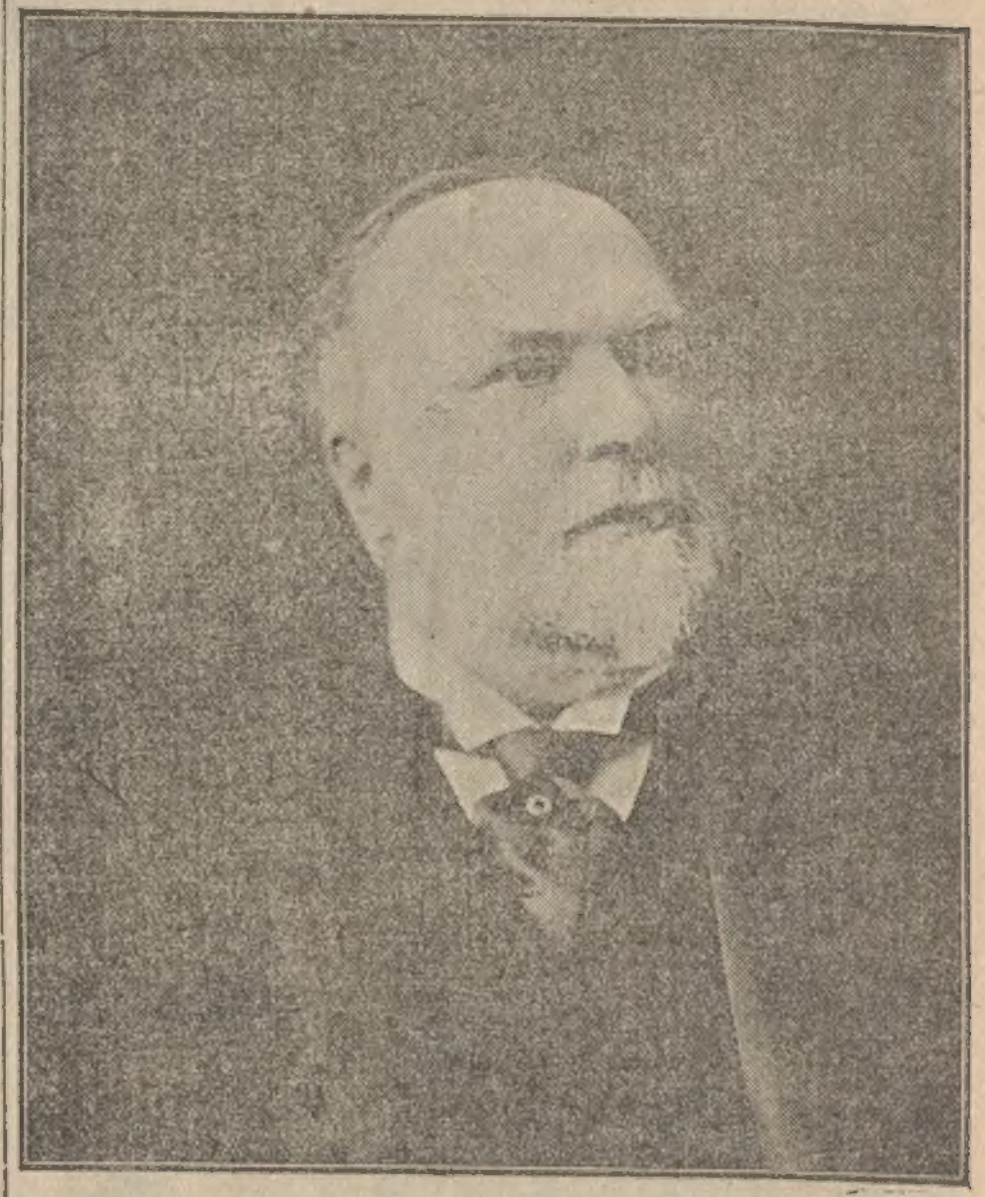
Drummond Street, Montreal,

Dec. 14, 1905.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—It is with great pleasure that I join the crowds of friends of the 'Witness' in hearty congratulations upon its Diamond Jubilee. I have been a constant reader of the 'Witness' for more than forty years, and never appreciated it more than to-day. I continue to be an eager student in the world's college, and find your editorials conducive to a liberal education. Although my views and those of the 'Witness' differ somewhat radically on the fiscal question, I have always found pleasure in reading the able presentment of the 'Witness' side. With the 'Witness' I stand shoulder to shoulder so far as the question of Imperial defence is concerned. I hold with it that we should make a tangible and worthy contribution to the British navy, which protects our commerce and protects our interests wherever we go, all over the world; I also agree with the 'Witness' upon the broad proposition that the closer the empire is knit together for all time the better it will be for Canada and the other colonies, for the Mother Country, and for the world in general. It is only in some of these details as to the most feasible way of putting into practice this ideal, so devoutly to be wished, that my views and those of the 'Witness 'are not the same. I would like to add that the correctness and breadth of your financial and commercial articles have made them most interesting and valuable.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT MEIGHEN.



THE HONORABLE SIR MELBOURNE TAIT,

Acting Chief Justice of the Superior Court, writes:

The Judge's Chambers,
Montreal, November 29th, 1905.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Proprietors of the 'Witness,' City.

Dear Sirs,—I would like to join with your numerous friends in offering you congratulations upon the occasion of the jubilee of your paper.

I have been a constant reader of it since I commenced to read anything solid. Many hundred copies of it have I distributed to subscribers in an Eastern Township village Post Office, where my father was Post Master, and where it was a favorite, as indeed it always has been throughout the Townships.

My appreciation of its educational influence and general usefulness has increased from year to year, and this, among other reasons, because of its high moral tone; of the unvarying sound sense and literary finish of its leading articles, which have rendered them at once a fund of instruction and a source of pleasure to the reader; of the general accuracy of its information and avoidance of all that is sensational and vulgar.

That it may long continue in its good and useful work is my sincere wish,

I am, yours truly

M. M. TAIT.

bit, owing to the rest of the rubbish, and we must light out into the trees.'

'But then the trees will tear out,' said the boy, despairingly. 'I see trees floating down.'

'Not this kind. These trees take a good grip of the earth, and then the wrack that's caught there braces 'em. They're a better chance than this cranky house. Keep tight hold of your luggage. When this craft swings to, I'll grip hold of a branch, and do you climb up first. I say, brother, did we leave any money behind?'

'No. There wasn't any money; only a little in my pocket.'

'That's correct. Never let go the main chance. Money's the main chance. I hope that log that's cavorting after us will be a little careful, and not knock into out boat. If any fortune-teller had told me yesterday morning that this morning I'd been captain of an Ohio boat, I wouldn't have believed it. We never can tell what we are coming to in this world. I've got brass enough if that's all the stock in trade that's wanted. Now, brother, stand up, grip your bag, and brace yourself—tackle my elbow if you don't feel confidence in your under-pinning. When I get myself forked and planted like a pair of dividers, I'm Giberalter, and no mistake.'

The eddy was sweeping the truant house toward a spot where a woody shoulder of the shore set into the stream. Entangled among the stems and submerged branches, some of the wreckage of the river was there stayed, and succeeding drift clung upon it a little before being whirled away by the force of the current. The leafless branches of the sycamore trees, now growing on an island, though usually far above water-mark, reached over the turbid flood, and as the current sucked toward them, Rasmus seized one just when he felt the floating house checked for a moment against the wreck-formed jetty. The boy scrambled into the tree, and Rasmus gave him his bag, bidding him climb as high as he could and make for himself a seat by putting his satchel between two branches. He then followed, scrambling up, agile as a cat, his sack in one hand. Arrived at a convenient crotch, he braced himself against the limbs and made preparations for a stay of some duration.

'I live where I stop,' he said placidly, 'so I'll unpack.'

He hung the towel of provisions on a branch close at hand, and tied his shoes to dry in the wind.

(To be continued.)

Do You Mean It?

Do you really mean it when you say to every one you meet on New Year's Day, 'I wish you a happy near year?' Or are the words a mere matter of form, forgotten almost as soon as they are spoken? If you really mean it, then why not do all that you can do to bring your wish to pass? If every man, woman and child who wishes another person a happy new year would only do all that it is possible for him to do, really and truly, to give that person a happy new year, there would be a delightful and tremendous increase of happiness in the world.

Of course you wish all of your friends a happy new year. You are generous and kindly enough not to want misfortune or unhappiness to come to any of them, but, at the same time, you do not feel any special sense of responsibility regarding their happiness. I am sure that the boys and girls who may read this would quickly resent it if any one told them that they did not really mean it when they wish their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters a happy new year. But I have heard children wish their parents a very happy new year, and before the day was done they would do something that would make their parents unhappy. How, then, could their good wishes have been really and truly sincere? It would be more to the purpose if you said to your parents, 'I wish you a happy new year, and I am going to do all that I can to make you happy.'

It would be more to the purpose if you said right out of the bottom of your hearts, 'I wish the whole world a happy new year, and I will do all that it is possible for me to do to make the world happier this year.'

It is of no use to wish your friends a happy new year, and then make no attempt to bring happiness into their lives.

There is so much unhappiness in the world that never would be in it if all the 'happy new years' one hears on the first day of the year were uttered with an added and faithfully kept resolution that the wish should be brought to pass.

I know of a good and generous man who on last New Year's Day sent to each of his 100 or more employees a brief but kindly letter, wishing each of them a 'Happy new year,' and inclosing a ten-dollar bill 'to help to make it happy.' Now we cannot all supplement our good wishes with gifts of ten-dollar bills to prove our sincerity, but we can supplement our good wishes with many words and deeds of kindness to prove that we are in earnest.

If you have not done so before, supposing that you start out on a new tack this year, and follow up every good wish you make by a sincere, prayerful endeavor to make it a happy new year to all.—Selected.

The New Year.

(Lucy A. Bennett, in the 'Child's Companion.')

Although it takes so many months
To make a single year,
Yet, far more quickly than you think,
The months will disappear.
The year that is so young and new
Will soon be old and gray;
The work which you intend to do,
Begin it, dear, to-day.

So many weeks, so many days,
But soon they will be past;
We have but one short life to live—
Each link may be the last.
To yesterday there is no door,
Our Future is unknown;
The Present is the only hour
Which we can call our own.

Although there seem at morning light
So many hours to run,
Yet swiftly, surely, comes the night,
The day will soon be done.
If I were you I would not wait
Until the shadows fall,
But seek at dawn for Mercy's gate—
Respond to Jesu's call.

Within a single fleeting hour
How many minutes lie!
Yet even as you try to count
Will sixty moments fly.
If you have tender words to say
Or kindly deeds to do,
Suppose you do them right away—
I would, if I were you!

A ladder God to us has given,
And youthful feet may climb;
A ladder set from earth to Heaven—
The ladder's name is Time.
We cannot see the other end,
We know not where or how;
The step by which we may ascend,
The first low step is NOW!

A Girl's Own Room.

To every 'really truly' girl her own room is a never-ending source of interest and pleasure. Much thought and not a little pocket money is apt to be invested in beautifying her particular corner of the home nest. And when it comes to pretty home making the country girl is a lucky mortal. How the city cousin, working on a small salary, and living in a little square rented box on the fourth or fifth floor, would revel in the big sunny spaces that so many of you farm girls can call your own!

The most hopeless looking room is nothing to get discouraged over nowadays. Thanks to the lovely new cottons which sell at a few cents a yard, to the revival of home made rugs, improved and cheapened floor stains, making a stunning little modern snuggery out of the plain, old one is merely a matter of taking pains. Of course, new upholstery goods and wood stains will be necessary, but if pocket money is limited it may be possible to obtain them from some large city store in exchange for something produced about the farm. Most large shops keep balsam pillows as a standard commodity, and the spicy fir grows free for the gathering in many localities. Little rabbits are worth a dollar apiece at Christmas and Easter in some shops if there is any way of getting them to the city and stores that keep aquarium goods buy tiny turtles, frogs and other creatures (which can be dipped out of any stream) at so much a dozen or a hundred.

The more modern your room the more likely is it that the floor will be bare except for a rug or two. However bad the boards may look, don't cover them with the old, stuffy, unhygienic carpet. You can make them look like hardwood with a little work in between times. The chief expenditure is in what old-fashioned people call 'elbow grease.'

If very worn and splintery, rub smooth first with a handful of steel shavings which are sold by paint dealers. Then putty all the big cracks, followed by the stain which will cost not more than fifty cents for a big room, and afterwards the wax which comes in half pound cans at thirty cents. A half pound will cover about 125 square feet, so it will do more than once.

You can make the rugs yourself from cotton or woollen rags even without a loom. Old silk dresses make lovely woven rags, but of course these are not always within reach. Old ingrain carpets, even those pretty well worn out, can be cut in strips and rewoven in rug form. These homemade floor coverings have become extremely fashionable, and the most expensive decorators in New York are advising nothing more costly for country homes. In making rugs for the city market (and country girls everywhere are beginning to make pinmoney in this way) it is necessary to dye the rags, and even the warp threads with vegetable dyes especially prepared; but for a rug to be used at home the ordinary aniline dyes which sell at ten and fifteen cents a can are very satisfactory. In almost every country neighborhood will be found someone who understands the art of dipping and weaving from whom an energetic, tactful girl can learn.

Much of the character of a girl's room will depend on whether it is to be a bedroom pure and simple, or whether it must be used for reading, studying and receiving her friends. If the latter she will probably want to make a study of it, using a couch instead of a bed and abolishing or hiding the bureau and washstand. But if it is to be a bedroom, it will be altogether fluffy and dainty. When the couch is substituted for the bed, I would advise the iron frame divan with removable mattress, which can be taken apart every day and thoroughly aired. The upholstered couches are neither clean nor sanitary.

For a studio room a green cartridge paper is always artistic. If the effect of the green is too cold it can be relieved by a reddish toned rug, and by using cream tinted or colored curtains. Furniture on the mission order but lighter and less massive would be charming with the green paper, and the old rose or reddish rug. This furniture is very expensive in the shops, but many girls are following the simple plan of taking a picture or a sketch of the piece desired to a neighboring carpenter, and having him make the frame, afterward staining it themselves. The weathered oak and mission stains now come put up in small tins and are very easy to apply.

Enamel paint can be used to renew any pieces of old furniture for the fluffy, dainty room. It costs from ten to twenty-five cents to repaint a scratched, weather beaten chair, making it as good as new. If the woodwork of the room is white you can retouch the old wicker or kitchen chairs with either white or green enamel paint. Or you can stain old furniture, first removing the ancient layers of paint with a liquid which comes for the purpose or with a home-made paint remover.

Imagine for yourself a nook with white woodwork, a chintz pattern paper (floral) upon the walls. The chairs are of green enamelled wood or wicker. There are large mattress cushions for the chairs of a cretonne or chintz matching or closely resembling the wall paper, and tied with large bows of ribbon. The bed has one of the new spreads, which goes over the counterpane made of chintz with a deep ruffle. I know of a room built on this plan. You wouldn't believe without seeing it, how pretty it is. And it was not expensive either.

Never before has it been possible to get such exquisite patterns in upholstery goods as at present. Cotton and silkoline imitations

which make very artistic curtains retail as low as seven cents a yard. Denim, burlap, holland, unbleached goods of several kinds and coarse towelling, costing in the neighborhood of ten cents a yard, and now embellished with stencilled designs, embroidery, or appliques of some other or their own material to make portiers, curtains, couch covers, table tops and cushions.

And speaking of lovely cushions reminds me of one I saw in a smart decorator's shop the other day. The price was ten dollars. Girls, any one of us could have made that ten dollar cushion for nothing out of an old-fashioned potato sack! The material was coarse sacking, nothing more, finished perfectly plain all around without ruffles or cord as most of the new pillows are at present. On one side was a posteresque design of a purple garden flag.

For pictures for her room the modern girl goes in chiefly for photographs or prints of the old masters, costing all the way from one cent to twenty-five or more apiece, and which are usually framed in wood chosen or tinted to match the tone of the picture. These copies of old masters, even the cheaper ones, are pictures worth having, which grow in meaning from day to day as one comes to know them better, and which educate one's love of the beautiful.—'Homestead.'

The Christmas Stocking.

By Elizabeth Wetherell, (author of 'The Wide, Wide World.')

(Continued)

'A farthing!' cried Carl. 'Oh, I guess it was you talking, wasn't it?'

'No,' said it. 'But I can talk.'

'Do you know where you came from?' said Carl, staring at it with all his eyes.

'Certainly,' said the farthing.

'I dreamed that everything in my stocking told me a story,' said Carl.

'So we will,' said the farthing. 'Only to you. To nobody else.'

As soon as breakfast was over, Carl carried the stocking to one corner of the hut, where stood another old chest; and laying out all his treasures thereon, he knelt down before it.

'Now begin,' he said. 'But you mustn't all talk at once. I guess I'll hear the purse first.'

THE STORY OF THE PURSE.

'The first place where I was settled was in a big fancy store in London,' the purse began. 'I am made of seal-skin, the sides, and my studs and clasp are silver. I feel very dull now. But in those days I was as bright as a butterfly, and as handsome. My sides were a beautiful bright red. The next place I was in was a gentleman's pocket.'

'How did you get there?' asked Carl.

'He came to buy a purse, and so a number of us were thrown out upon the counter, and he looked at us and tried us, and bought me and put me in his pocket. There my business was to hold guineas and half-guineas, and crowns and half-crowns, and all sorts of beautiful pieces of silver and gold. I didn't stay long with him, however. He was travelling in some part of England with a friend, riding over a wide lonely place one day, and they saw a little distance ahead a cow in the road, lying down, right across their path. "Stapleton," said my master, "let us clear that cow." "Can't your servant do that?" said Mr. Stapleton. "Do what?" said my master. "Clear that beast from the road," said his friend. "Pshaw!" said my master,—"I mean let us clear her at a bound. Leave her in quiet possession of the road, and we take an air-line over her back." 'Suppose she took a stupid notion to get out of our way just as we are in hers?" said Mr. Stapleton. "I don't suppose anything of the kind," said my master; 'we shall be too quick for her.' With that they put spurs to their horses, but it happened that Mr. Stapleton's horse got the start and was a little ahead. He cleared the cow well enough, but unluckily it gave her an impression that just where she was it was a poor place to be; and she was throwing up her hind legs at the very minute my master came to take the leap. He was flung over and over, he and his horse, over and under each other—I don't know how. I only know my master was killed.

'His friend and his servant picked him up and laid him by the roadside; and while Mr. Stapleton went full speed to the nearest town to get help, the other stayed behind to take care of his master, and do what could be done for him. But he very soon found that nothing could be done; and then, as nobody was in sight, he took the opportunity to do what he could for himself, by rifling his master's pockets. He pulled out several things which I suppose he didn't care to keep, for he put them back again after a careful look at them, and after carefully taking off some seals from the watch chain. I did not fare so well. He had me in his hands a long time, taking out and putting in silver and gold pieces—afraid to keep too much, and not willing to leave a crown that might be kept safely, when a sudden step heard near, and the bursting of a loud whistle, startled him. He jumped as if he had been shot, which was natural enough, as he was running a pretty good chance of getting hanged. I was dropped, or thrown behind him, in the grass, and before the countrymen who came up had done asking questions, the horses of Mr. Stapleton and assistants were seen over the rising ground. They carried away my unfortunate first master, and left me in the grass.

'I knew I shouldn't stay there long, but I was found sooner than I hoped. Before the evening had closed in, the sun was shining yet, I heard the tread of light feet—somebody nearing the road and then crossing it. In crossing, this somebody came just upon me, and a kind sunbeam touching one of my silver points, I embraced the opportunity to shine as hard as I could. I shone so she could not help seeing me. It was a girl about fifteen or sixteen years old; a slim figure, very tidy in her dress, with light brown hair nicely put back from her face, and her face a very quiet, sweet one. She looked at me, inside and out, looked up and down the road, as if to see where I had come from, and finally put me in her pocket. I was very glad nobody was in sight anywhere, for I knew by her face she would have given me up directly. She left the road then and went on over the wide lonely barren plain, grass-grown, and with here and there a bunch of bushes or a low stunted tree. She was going after her cows, to bring them home; and presently, seeing them in the distance, she stood still and began to call them.

'When they got up with their little mistress, she set off to go home, and the whole five of them followed gravely in order.

'A little way beyond this, not more than a quarter of a mile, we came to a small brown house, with one or two out-buildings. The house stood in a little field, and the out-buildings in another little field, close beside this one. Everything was small; house, and barn and shed, and cow-field and garden-field; but it was all snug, and neat too.

'My mistress opened a gate of the barn-yard, and held it while all the five cows marched slowly in, looking around them as if they expected to see some change made in the arrangements since they had gone out in the morning.

'When my mistress had shut the gate upon the five cows, she opened another small gate in the fence of the field where the house stood, and there she went in, through two beds of roses and sweet herbs that were on each side of the narrow walk, up to the door, that stood open to let her in.

'It was the nicest place you ever saw. A clean scrubbed floor, with a thick coarse piece of carpet covering the middle of it; a dark wooden table and wooden chairs, nice and in their places, only one chair stood on the hearth, as if somebody had just left it. There was a big, wide, comfortable fireplace, with a fire burning in it, and over the fire hung a big iron tea-kettle, in the very midst of the flames, and singing already. On each side of the chimney brown wooden cupboards filled up the whole space from the floor to the ceiling. All was tidy and clean. The hearth looked as if you might have baked cakes on it.

'The girl stood a minute before the fire, and then went to the inner door and called, "Mother!"

'A pleasant voice from somewhere said, "Here!"

'"In the milk-room?'

'"Yes!"

'"Look here what I've found, mother."

'"Can't look at anything, daughter. Go along and milk, and I will hear you at tea-time."

'Then my little mistress took up the pails, and went out by another way, through another gate that opened directly into the cows' yard: and there she stripped the yellow sweet milk into the pails, from every one of the five cows she had driven home. Not one of them but loved to be milked by her hand; they enjoyed it, every cow of them, standing quiet and sleepily munching the cud, except when now and then one of them would throw back her head furiously at some fly on her side.

'Mrs. Meadow, which was the woman's name, took the milk pails at the dairy door, and my mistress came back into the kitchen to get tea. She put up a leaf of the brown table and set a tray on it, and out of one of the cupboards she fetched two tea-cups and saucers; so I knew there were no more in the family. Then two little blue-edged plates and horn-handled knives, and the rest of the things; and when the tea was made she dressed up the fire, and stood looking at it and the tea-table by turns, till her mother showed herself at the door, and came in, taking off

her apron. She was the nicest-looking woman you ever saw.'

'She wasn't as nice as my mother,' said Carl.

'Mrs. Krinken never was half so nice. She was the best-natured, cheerfullest, pleasantest-faced woman you could find, as bright as one of her own red apples. Everything about her was bright. Her spoons, and the apples, and the brass candlesticks, and the milk-pans, and the glass in the windows, and her own kind heart. The mother and daughter had a very cosy tea, and I was laid upon the table and my story told, or rather the story of my being found; and it was decided that I should remain in the keeping of the finder, whom her mother, by some freak of habit, rarely called anything but "Silky."'

'What for?' said Carl.

'Maybe you'll find out if you don't ask so many questions,' said the purse snappishly. "It's yours, Silky," Mrs. Meadow said, after looking at me and rubbing the silver mountings. "It's odd such a handsome purse should have no money in it."

'"I'm not going to put it away out of sight, mother," said Silky; "I'm going to have the good of it. I'll keep it to hold my milk-money."

'"Well, dear, here goes the first," said Mrs. Meadow;—"here's a silver penny I took for milk while you were after the cows."

'"Who came for it, mother?"

'"Don't know—a lady riding by—and she gave me this."

'So a little silver coin was slipped into my emptiness, and my little mistress laid me on a shelf of the other cupboard, alongside of an old Bible. But she left the door a crack open; I could see them at work, washing up the tea things, and then knitting and sewing upon the hearth, both of them by a little round table. By-and-by Mrs. Meadow took the Bible out and read, and then she and Silky kneeled down, close together, to pray. They covered up the fire after that, and shut the cupboard door, and went off to bed; and I was left to think what a new place I had come to, and how I liked it.

'My business was to lie there on the shelf and keep the milk-pennies, and see all that was going on. Silky sold the milk. The people that came for it were mostly poor people from the neighboring village, or their children going home from the factory; people that lived in poor little dwellings in the town, without gardens or fields, or a cow to themselves, and just bought a penny's worth, or a half-penny's, at a time—as little as they could do with.

(To be continued.)

A New Year's Wish.

A little tenderer each day
  To all who hold me dear;
A little sweeter in my home,
  May I become this year.

Oh, may my eyes, that plainly see
  My neighbor's faults, grow clear
To sins and errors in myself,
  As fades the passing year.

As the chill winter frosts give way
  To sunshine's sweet appeal,
May to the winter of my heart
  Love's gentle radiance steal.

And thus upon life's barrenness
  Shall flowers and fruit appear,
Each season bringing heaven's gifts
  To bless my happy year.

—'Christian Endeavor World.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Lost Bank Notes—A True Story.

(By Alice Armstrong.)

(Continued.)

About noon, wet and weary, they turned homeward, and reluctantly reported their want of success. And now commenced again the frail woman's fight for life, not only her own, but those far dearer than her own, with poverty. Poverty! that awful word that includes all the worst ills of life whatever philosophers may say to the contrary. Bravely she struggled, but notwithstanding her utmost efforts, the little stove was often cold, and the table woefully bare. Cold and hunger did their terrible work, though attended by a kind and skilful doctor. First little fair-haired Mollie, and then a boy a couple of years older was laid by tender hands beneath the snow-clad daisies to await, like them, the coming of the glorious Springtime.

And now another calamity befel. Their little home had been bought on the instalment plan, secured by mortgage, the last payment now fell due. Of course, the poor woman had no means of paying, and the mortgage was foreclosed, and the widow and her two remaining children found themselves homeless in the middle of a severe winter. Through the efforts of a good Christian woman a couple of rooms were found in the city, and with the help of her poor, but kindly neighbor, the much-tried woman moved her little belongings hither, and the washtub and the needle again furnished the laborious means of a scanty subsistence.

Slowly to the suffering poor, the long cold winter crept by, but now the joyous March winds came rioting over the land, and the blue waves of broad Ontario danced merrily in the glorious March sunbeams. Cheerily those bright beams flashed through the dark places in the city, bringing renewed hope and comfort to many a humble home. In through a bright little window between spotless white curtains, peered those same dancing beams one bright morning, towards the last of the blustering but joyous month, and this is what they saw: A little room, poor indeed, but clean and neat as hands could make it. A little table prepared for breakfast with snowy cloth, and pretty dishes, at which sat a young man and woman with heads reverently bowed, while he asked a blessing on—what—a solitary dry crust of bread. The shining stove shed no genial warmth, no fragrance of tea or coffee, rose from the empty cups on the table, no song of family glee from the cold and silent teakettle. The crust was divided, it was their last, and each munched their portion with an affectation of cheerfulness that was pitiful to see. When it was finished they looked at each other. Gaunt hunger glared forth from their sunken eyes, but in those eyes, though dim with want, each read more, much more, than the craving for food. Steadfast love, unswerving faith, unfailing hope, and unflinching courage.

Malcolm McDougal had brought his young wife the previous fall from their old home in Glengarry, hoping to find employment in the thriving Queen City of the West, but had failed to do so. He was a clever carpenter, but the building season was over, and though he was told he could get plenty of work in the spring, that would not supply present needs. Day after day he sought for work, work of any kind, night after night he came home weary and disappointed. Their little store of money had dwindled away and now at the end of March they found themselves penniless, without food or fuel. For three days they had subsisted on a piece of dry bread once a day; now they had not even that, and Malcolm started out again on his weary quest. Mechanically he walked along, following the same road along the brow of the hill over which poor Jennie Wilson had passed that stormy Christmas eve. The snow still lay deep upon the hillside, but the soft south wind had breathed upon it, and the trickle of water could be heard on every hand, mingled with that sweetest of all melodies, the song of the robin. Sparrows twittered and wrangled over stray morsels on the road; blackbirds fluttered and made love among the evergreens. The air was buoyant with renewed life. The bushes on the hillside were emerging from their winter graves in the great white drifts. One of them, reaching up a skeleton hand through the soiled snow near the roadside, seemed offering to Malcolm a weather-beaten old newspaper, which it held clutched in its bony fingers. Idly stepping down, he lifted the paper. Judge of his surprise when on opening it, a large roll of crisp new ten dollar bills fell at his feet. Here was a discovery for a starving man. Yet a thought of appropriating one dollar of it never entered the leal honest heart of this sturdy young 'man from Glengarry.' He had never heard of poor Jennie Wilson or her loss, but he determined to find the owner, and he lost no time in setting about it. Upon reaching the bank whence the notes were issued, and showing the manager the money and the paper, that gentleman remembered the circumstances and the name of the woman to whom he had paid the seven hundred dollars that stormy Christmas eve; even the lordly clerk condescended to take interest enough in the matter to call to his remembrance the fact that the poor woman had kept out one ten dollar bill when he wrapped the money in the newspaper upon counting the bills, and it was found to be six hundred and ninety dollars. No doubt remained as to the ownership; the manager remembered where the widow told him she lived, and Malcom set off in search of the cottage in the suburbs.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE FOLKS

I Wonder What Santa Claus Would Say.

(By Helen Manly, 'Tribune Sunday Magazine,')

I wonder, oh, I wonder! what Santa
Claus would say
If he should go a-calling a week
from Christmas Day?
And all the poor, neglected, un-
lucky Christmas toys
Could tell him of their troubles with
careless little boys?

Some little folks I've heard of—
how would they like to show
The playthings that were treasures
so short a time ago?
And when old Santa questioned if
they had used them well,
I wonder, oh I wonder! what tale
the boys would tell?

What would the monkey answer
about the broken back,
And what would be the story of
legless jumping-jack?
The sheep whose wool was missing
would say how cold it feels,
The waggon be explaining just how
it lost its wheels.

The elephant would show him its
lovely, flopping ears
Snipped all to rags and tatters with
grandma's sharpest shears;
And 'twould amaze him greatly to
learn the rabbit's eyes
Were representing currants in one
of cook's mince-pies.

Poor Jack, who should be living
quite snugly in his box,
Would own to being homeless be-
cause of sundry knocks,
And make his best excuses for be-
ing such a fright
With only half his whiskers, and
nose in shocking plight.

The acrobat would grumble at what
he had to bear
With not a bone unbroken, and not
a rag to wear;
The flannel cat that suffered from
being put to soak
Would speak her plain opinion of
such a sorry joke.

He'd see the sad condition of the
pig without a tail,
The horse without a harness, the
ship without a sail,
And hear the tragic story of the
empty Noah's ark,
The whip without a handle, the
dog without a bark.

In very feeble language the head
less drum would speak;
For want of breath, the organ could
only give a squeak;
While having long been missing,
the marbles and the ball
Would clearly not be able to state
their case at all.

And after such disclosures, if Santa
Claus should say
That when he next went travelling
he couldn't come this way,
That he'd leave no more presents
where such sad tales were true,
I wonder, oh, I wonder! what the
little boys would do?

"Mr. Benjamin Dotten."

(Mary L. B. Branch, in 'Youth's Companion.')

Little Polly went over to her grandmother's to see Aunt Viny, who had just come.

'Your Aunt Viny's up-stairs unpacking,' said grandma, 'and it's cold there. Stay here till she comes down. Here are some peppermints for you.'

Grandma handed Polly a little paper bag of peppermints. They were good and strong. Polly liked them.

Ten minutes later in came Polly's mother.

'Where's Viny?' she asked, and then she smelt peppermint. 'Polly, Polly!' she said, 'come right here. Was that bag full? You'll be sick if you eat another one. Give them to me!'

'Put them here,' said grandma, pointing to an old china tea-caddy on the closet shelf. 'That's where I drop notions.'

Polly did as grandma said, for somehow she trusted the caddy more than her mother's pocket. Then her mother carried her off to find Aunt Viny, and after that they went home.

The caddy was a good place for notions. It already held some shoe-buttons, a bad quarter and a recipe for mangoes; also a little pocket-book containing ten cents. That was Ben's. He hid it there when he was going chestnutting, because the clasp was broken. Now Polly's peppermints went in, and presently grandma, who had been buying nutmegs, put them all into the caddy, because Viny was talking and it confused her.

'Now, mother,' said Viny, 'I've come home this winter to help you. I'm going to regulate the closet so we shall know where everything is.'

'I know where everything is now,' said the old lady.

But Viny was already clearing the shelves and putting on fresh papers. Then she set things back methodically.

'This old caddy of nutmegs,' she said, 'I'll put in the other closet where the eggs are.'

'It's handy for notions,' said grandma.

'Oh, well, this cracked sugar-bowl will answer for notions. I'll set it where the caddy was, and drop this lump of alum in it.'

So the sugar-bowl took the place of the caddy, and when Ben looked for his pocketbook it was not there, so he thought he did not remember right. It was disappointing, for he wanted ten cents to buy a ball. Still that did not matter, for next day it was skate-straps he wanted, and the next he had a chance to buy another boy's knife. But he couldn't find the pocketbook.

Perhaps Polly took cold the day she went where Aunt Viny was unpacking. She had a sore throat and wore flannel around her neck for two weeks. The next time she went to her grandmother's it was Christmas. There was roast goose for dinner and all kinds of pie. Ben was there. He had never found his ten cents. If he had, he would perhaps have bought a sugar dove for Polly.

While the folks sat round the fire talking, Polly, perched in a tall chair with nothing to do, had a sudden memory.

She got down, ran to the kitchen closet, and saw the sugar-bowl. It had buttons and alum and a broken spoon in it, but Polly was not to be imposed upon.

'Caddy!' caddy! caddy!' she cried, running up and down.

'It's the old tea-caddy that she wants,' said grandma.

'That's in the other closet. We keep nutmegs in it,' said Aunt Viny.

'Pep'mints!' mine pep'mints!' clamored Polly.

The caddy was brought, and sure enough when she thrust her little hand under the nutmegs, she found her peppermints and pulled out the recipe for mangoes.

'There, Mrs. Gray wanted that!' exclaimed grandma.

And now Ben was putting his own hand in. Yes, there it was! his pocketbook and his ten cents!

'Well, I declare!' said Aunt Viny.

Ben sat down to consider. It was now too late for Christmas, but he might do something for New Year's. He had heard Aunt Viny talk about calls and cards.

Only the day before a boy who had a printing-press had offered to print cards, twenty-five for ten cents, and every card was to have a picture of a flower or a bird upon it.

'I'll buy cards,' thought Ben, and he went at once to find the boy.

On New Year's day Ben, clean and shining, called Polly into the parlor.

'I'm making calls,' he said. 'This is your call. Choose the card you like best.'

Polly was delighted. She picked out the prettiest card, with 'Mr. Benjamin Dotten' and a pair of doves upon it.

Then Ben went forth from neighbor to neighbor impartially. He was very successful. He met with smiles everywhere, and in some places he met with apples and New Year's cakes. Everybody seemed glad to receive a card with 'Mr. Benjamin Dotten' upon it, together with a picture.

When it came to the last he hesitated. He was tired and wanted to go home. It seemed to him he would rather see his good, kind grandmamma than anybody else in the world. The last card had roses on it.

'I'll call on grandma,' he said, and running home he made his best bow to the dear old lady, and handed her his card.

You never saw any one so pleased. For more than a week she showed the card of 'Mr. Benjamin Dotten' to every neighbor that came in, and when the excitement was entirely over, she put it away for safe-keeping in the tea-caddy.

Hurting or Helping.

'O!' cried Frank, and then ran to the road and picked up a stone. 'There!' he said, 'I'll smash him with that!'

Mother had seen him jump, and knew what was the matter.

'What has the spider done to you, little boy?' she asked.

'Nothing, 'cept scare me,' he said. 'I'll fix him for that!'

'Then let's keep the stone for a real enemy, and let the spider go on spinning,' she said. 'Come! Isn't it time the chickens were fed?'

'You see,' said mother, as Frank helped stir the yellow meal and water, 'people know more than animals, and so they must take care of them and never hurt them.'

'Course,' said Frank, as if he never had thought of killing a spider.

The next day mother saw Frank carrying something wrapped very carefully in a leaf. 'What is it?' she asked.

'Patrick's digging in the garden, so I'm taking the spider to a safe place,' he said.—'Little Pilgrim.'

Henry's Mistake.

Henry was a bright little lad of about ten when this incident occurred.

Henry's mamma had some flowers in pots set upon a board, and the board was balanced across a bench.

'Henry,' said his mother, 'I want all these flowers carried to the garden, and you can do it. Take one from one end of the board, and then one from the other, and so keep on until all are removed.'

The little lad was willing and cheerful about work, but sometimes thought he knew better than his mother; and in this case he very soon said to his sister:

'Josie, I can't see any sense of walking back and forth so much. I'm just going to take all the pots from one end, and then all from the other end.'

Josie said nothing, and the wise little boy proceeded to do the work in his own way. From one side only he took down the pots of flowers; consequently he had not worked long ere there was a great crash; the board, pots and flowers all came tumbling down together. Pots were broken and valuable plants were destroyed. Out came the mother to learn the cause of the noise.

'What does this mean?' she cried, pointing to the confused pile of debris.

'It all fell together,' answered guilty little Henry.

'Because you disobeyed me,' said the mother, pointedly.

Henry could not say nay to this; he only stumbled out:

'I—I thought it—it would be just as good that—that way.'

And she sent him away to her room, and happily for Henry he was made to remember this event. From that time he never forgot to obey his mother.—A. D. Walker, in the 'Evangelical Visitor.'

Correspondence

St. J., N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have not written to the 'Messenger' before, I thought I would now. I am a little boy eight years old. My birthday is on the 3rd of April. I wonder if any other boy's birthday who reads the 'Messenger' is on the same day.

I go to school and am in the second grade. We live in about the centre of the city, near the harbor, and we can see the iron steamers come to the wharf. The Union depot is just down the street a little way from where we live, and sometimes my sister and I go to see the trains coming in. I have a papa, mamma, and sister, who is older than I am. I have a pet canary bird, and I call him 'Dick.'

ARTHUR C.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have lived in Canada all my life. I like it very much. I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years. I am a girl ten years old. I go to school every day, and am in the junior fourth class. I will have been going five years next Easter. I have never written to the 'Messenger' before. The books I have read are: 'The Biography of a Grizzly,' 'Hiawatha,' 'Little Nell,' 'Dust Ho,' 'Always Too Late,' 'Little Harold,' 'Sarah Crew,' and others. I am in the third class at Sabbath school. We are going to have either a sleigh drive or a Christmas Tree this year.

BESSIE D

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is about a year ago since I have written, so I thought I would write again. My birthday is on the eighth of this month. I will be eleven years old. I go to school, and I am in the third reader. I like my teacher very much. I go to the Park Baptist Sunday School. Our Sunday School is preparing for our Christmas anniversary. I am going to be in a fan drill and play the piano. I take music lessons. Last year for my birthday my father got me a piano. I am looking for Christmas to come so Santa Claus will fill my stocking. I have read many books, some of them are: 'Jessica's First Prayer,' 'Little Faith,' 'Teddie Bottom,' 'Little Fishers and their Nets,' 'Look to the Right Side,' and some 'Elsie Books.' I have read many more.

DOCHIE PEARCE.

LITTLE MURIEL.

By Mayme Gerrard Ross (14 years old).

Muriel Ellis was a little girl five years of age when her papa died. One day, soon afterwards, Muriel saw their beautiful little white house closed, poor old Brindle, and dear little Nellie, the colt, sold, and mamma and Muriel were driven away, to leave their country home for ever. Muriel spied tears in mamma's eyes, and wondered what could be wrong, for she knew they were to live in the city, and was that not lovely?

By and by they alighted from the train, and after a few minutes' ride in the cab, they were landed at their new home, a dirty black dwelling. 'Mamma,' asked Muriel, 'What place is this?' 'This is our home,' said mamma, prepacing the tiny cot for its owner to sleep in. 'Mamma,' cried Muriel, 'are we to live in this dreadful place? This is not anything like Aunt Laura's.' 'Never mind, dear,' answered mamma soothingly. 'We shall arrange these rooms as nicely as we can, and you shall have a cute little playroom for your Adele. Now, deaxie, let us to sleep.'

The following days passed swiftly, and Muriel began to love her new home, even though the surroundings were dirty, and before many weeks claimed many friends. Her favorite playmate was a little girl named Pearlie Gage, who was five years old. Many a rainy day she and Pearlie played together with Arabella and Adele in Muriel's sunny little nursery. Summer passed pleasantly, and then came winter with its cold biting winds. Mrs. Ellis sewed later and worked harder than before, when she thought of the almost empty coal-bin.

One sunny day, in February, Muriel came running in, her face all in a glow, and exclaiming, 'Oh! mamma, may I go to the pond to skate? Pearlie wants me to go very much.' Mamma gave her consent, adding as the door closed to be very careful.

The two tiny girls skipped away, laughing and talking at what a jolly time they were having, when a shrill scream caused Pearlie to turn around. There, to her surprise, she saw Muriel lay moaning on the ice. 'Pearlie, run quick and get mamma, my back is awfully painful.' Pearlie did run and found mamma.

Poor Muriel, how she did suffer, and how she cried when the doctors told her she would never walk again without going to London for treatment, which was a thing impossible, for Mrs. Ellis could not afford it. Muriel was compelled to remain in bed during the winter, but she had a lovely time, for her little friends brought her paper dollies, candy, fruit, story-books, and everything nice, so she was never lonely.

One evening in spring, when Muriel was strong enough to sit in a chair, she and mamma were sitting by the window, when Muriel said, 'Don't you think we could have some lillies, like we had at home in the country?' Mamma promised she would try to get some. The lillies were procured and planted, and in June they blossomed lovely. Everyone admired them.

Muriel often sat watching the carriages pass by, and every day for some time, she noticed a certain little girl pass with two white ponies and a tiny carriage. She often wondered who this little lady was, and thought she must have a beautiful time.

One day, this tiny carriage paused directly in front of Mrs. Ellis's house, and Muriel's heart fairly leaped as a big man stepped from the carriage and rang the door bell. 'Come in,' said Muriel in a trembling voice, and the big man with the laughing eyes entered.

'Could you sell us a few of your lillies?' he inquired? My little girl drives past here often, and she tells me about those flowers, and asked me if I would buy some.' He turned and looked at Muriel. Then bending down he said in a gentle tone, 'My dear, what is your name?' 'Muriel Vincent Ellis,' she replied in frightened tones. 'Where is your mamma, and what is her name,' he continued. At that moment Mrs. Ellis entered, and brother and sister were clasping each other in fondly embrace. Then they sat down to tell the story of their prospective lives, for they were unknown to each other for twenty years. Muriel sat watching the big man with wide open eyes, as he told how he had learned to be a doctor, and was now the great wealthy London specialist.

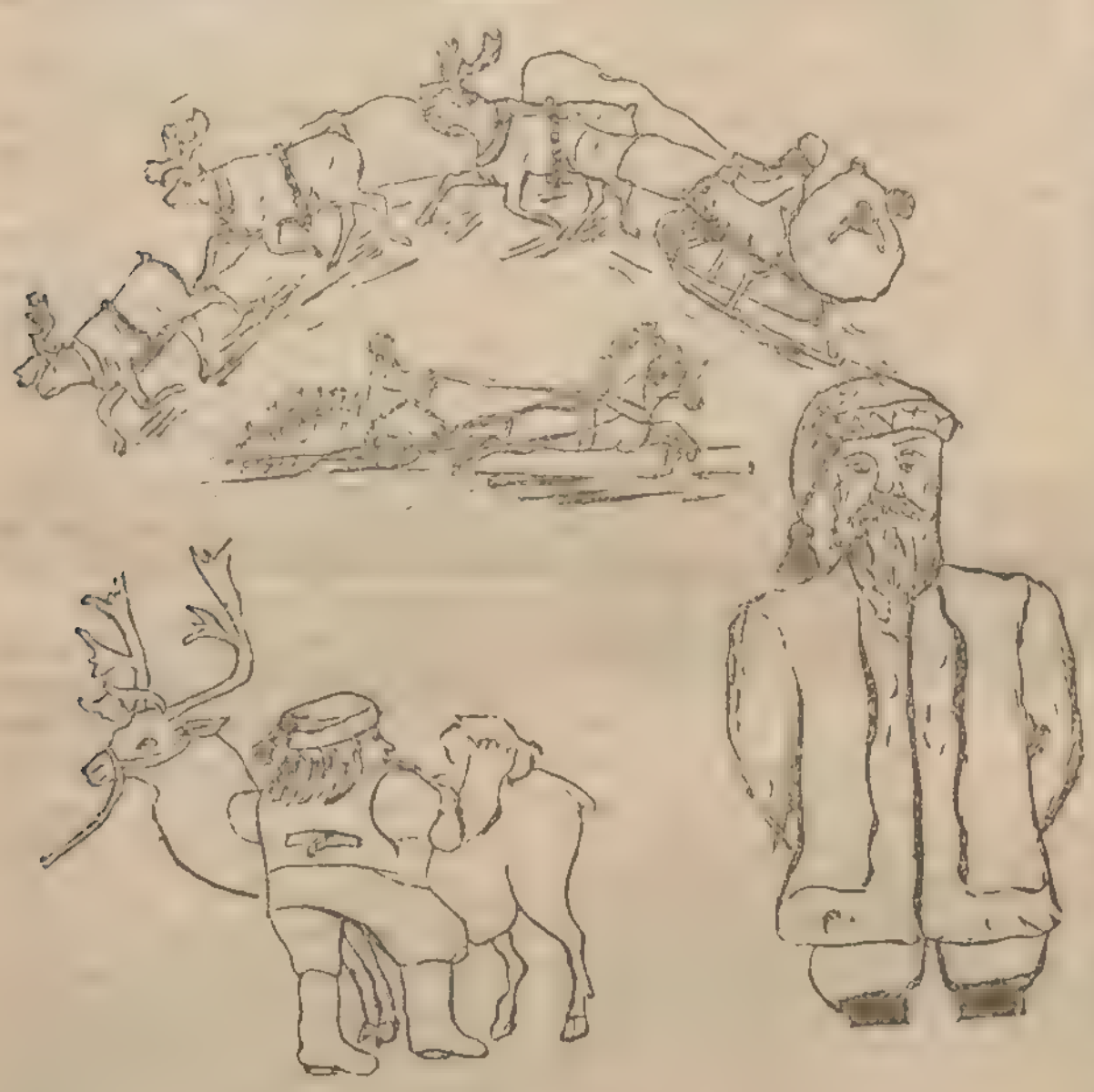
So that big man with the laughing eyes was Muriel's uncle, Grover Vincent, and that little girl with the golden hair, and white ponies was her cousin Elsa. It seemed as a dream to all.

Muriel's mamma packed their luggage in haste, and she and Muriel were taken to Uncle Grover's beautiful London home, where they were to live for ever.

After a few weeks of treatment Muriel was completely cured, and allowed to run about once more.

What lovely times she and Elsa did have at the sea shore, in the summer, where they learned to build castles of sand, row, and other things.

One evening Muriel put her head in mamma's lap and whispered, 'Mamma, if it had not been for those lillies we would never have seen Uncle Grover, and I would still be an invalid in our smoky old home in the city.'



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Santa on the Road.' Nellie Miller (14), A.M., Ont.

2. 'Going to the Turkey Fair.' Hugh Miller (11), A.M., Ont.

3. 'Father Christmas.' Jean Phillips (10), T., Ont.

4. 'Hurrah for Santa Claus.' Marion Thompson, O., Ont.

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LESSON I.—JANUARY 7, 1906.

The Shepherds Find Jesus.

Luke ii., 1-20.

Golden Text.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke ii., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 1.—Luke ii., 1-20.
Tuesday, Jan. 2.—John i., 1-14.
Wednesday, Jan. 3.—Is. ix., 1-6.
Thursday, Jan. 4.—Luke i., 26-33.
Friday, Jan. 5.—Luke i., 46-56.
Saturday, Jan. 6.—Matt. i., 18-25.
Sunday, Jan. 7.—Luke ii., 25-39.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Eleanor, Queen of England, went to Carnarvon Castle (1283, A.D.), in order that her royal son might be born on Welsh soil, and her subjects of that realm pacified by having their heir to the British throne always afterward called the Prince of Wales. In the same way the mother of Jesus went to Bethlehem, probably without conscious purpose, but none the less certainly that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. The immediate cause of the journey was the enrollment ordered by Augustus Caesar, who seemed to have had a passion for census-taking. As a concession to Jewish prejudice, those to be enrolled were allowed to report at their ancestral villages. This brought Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem. But it brought others also, on the same errand; and in such numbers as to tax all places of entertainment, so that the weary travellers were glad enough to avail themselves of a stall from which some beast was turned to make room for them.

Midway between Jerusalem and Bethlehem was Migdal Eder, Watch-tower of the Flock, concerning which there was a tradition that the first announcement of the birth of the Messiah was to be made there. It was the gathering-place for the shepherds of the sacred flock which furnished sacrifices for the temple. But the case is not much altered if the tradition should prove a bit of folk-lore, and the shepherds turn out just common Judean rustics. Whosoever they were, their occupation led them to be contemplative and reverent. The poet says, 'The undevout astronomer is mad.' You might read it 'the shepherd.' Both astronomers and shepherds are much in the solemn stillness of the night, and in company with the heavenly planets. One who does not find such conditions conducive to devotion is abnormal, if not 'mad.' May not those rustic star-gazers have been in communion with heaven at the moment when the apparition occurred? The prepared message comes to the prepared mind.

A tall, white angel standing in the flaming fire of the shekinah was the vision which brought the awe-struck shepherds to their knees. The message matched the messenger: 'Fear not! Good tidings! Great joy to all people. Born, a Savior, Christ, the Lord!' The new-born prince will not, however, be found in any golden crib, or under any silken canopy. Dew-drops are on his cradle and his bed is with the beasts of the stall. But this very humiliation is his sign. Manger and swaddle are the double seal upon the Messiahship. The very fact that he is born in a stable is the sign that he is king.

Now, upon the vision of the already enraptured shepherds bursts a brilliant spectacle. Suddenly the arch of heaven is peopled by a multitude of the heavenly host, and wave on wave of seraphic music rolls o'er those wide-extending plains. Grander oratorio never greeted human ears. But the shepherds were not satisfied with the aesthetic enjoyment afforded by the sight and sound, much less did they fall to dreaming, debating or doubting. They cried: 'The thing has come to pass! The Lord has made it known! Let us go and see!'

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I—Journey to Bethlehem.
  Cause of it; an historic parallel.
II—The shepherds, keepers of the temple flock, or common rustics immaterial.
  Occupation tended to devotion.
  Prepared message for prepared minds.
III—Angelic apparition.
  The announcement of the Advent
  Strange sign of identification.
  The heavenly host.
IV—The shepherd's attitude.
  Their moral earnestness.
  'Let us go and see.'

THE TEACHERS' LANTERN.

The golden mile-stone stood in the centre of Rome. All highways of the empire radiated from it. All petitioners travelled toward it. The manger at Bethlehem is the golden mile-stone in the kingdom of God. To it all human needs converge. From it all divine help proceeds. . . . Aside from Scripture, the existence of angels can not be proven; but believing in them on the testimony of the Word, their appearance in connection with the Advent is in the highest degree probable and approximate. These spiritual, intelligent and holy beings, companions and messengers of God, would be intensely interested in the event, and were the appropriate annunciators of it. . . . Highest heaven and lowest earth met that Advent night. Von Oosterze says: 'There is something unspeakably great and glorious in this union of earthly obscurity with heavenly splendor, of angels with shepherds.' . . . . It is noteworthy that this lovely and ennobling apparition came to those who were engaged in commonplace work. The shepherds were in the field, keeping the night watches. So our visions of the spiritual and heavenly will come to us while loyally attending to petty duties amid the humdrum of life. And we will keep our 'vision' only by forsaking it betimes to obey the call of duty—a thought charmingly expressed in Longfellow's 'Legend Beautiful.' . . . The shepherds were not disobedient to the heavenly vision. Scarcely had the radiant forms of the singers faded, and the echo of their hallelujah died away in the Judean hills, when these rustic men were on their way to Bethlehem. A like obedience on the part of those who so often receive the heavenly visions of conscience, the Bible and the Spirit, would lead to immediate conversion. Men, as a rule, no sooner touch the circumference of religion than they fly off at a tangent. Moral earnestness starts for the centre, saying, 'Let us go and see!' . . . . With the heart man believeth, and with the tongue confession is made. The shepherds filled the whole region with what they had seen and heard; they bore their testimony with such fidelity as to produce a marked sensation. All that heard wondered. It is not enough to have a vision of the grace of God. . . . One must tell it. Failing to witness it is to lose it. . . . The shepherds returned! How could they? After seeing angels, listening to their song, seeing the infant Messiah, how could they come back to the dronish work of tending to sheep? But they did. There was nothing in their recent experience to give them a distaste for the humble calling or to disqualify them for it. They were even better shepherds than ever before. Religion is not 'other-worldliness.' It brings man to his best in this world.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 7.—Topic—How finding Christ changes the life. Matt. xiii., 44-46. (Consecration meeting.)

HOW FINDING CHRIST CHANGES THE LIFE.

Matt. xiii., 44-46.

(Consecration meeting.)

The pearl merchant made no secret of his business. He had a sign over his booth, with his name and the announcement that he would pay the highest market price for pearls. He was known on change as a buyer of pearls. At last he finds the one for which his whole life has been a quest. His practised eye can not be deceived. In perfection of its skin, in shape, size, weight and color it is unapproached. The merchant hurries home and converts all his collaterals into cash. He comes and buys. It is all a parable of the quest for the ideal of life. It must be made a business—no secrecy in it. It is found in the teaching and example of Jesus. It can not be bought, except in the sense of the surrender of everything inimical. Its essence is love and service. Its possession is the source of supreme joy.

THE NEW SCIENCE: CHILD STUDY AND ITS APPLICATION TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

There is a growing belief that ethics should form at least an incidental, if not a distinct and prominent branch of Sunday school teaching. While the religious emotion, which is the human response to the divine, and the specific acts of religion continue to be chiefly cultivated as they should, yet it will be a great gain if the sense of personal responsibility is awakened. The child must discover himself, as a member of social organism, and as such not permitted selfishly to live to himself, but having duties to others in the performance of which he will, although only a child, add to the welfare of the world. And this self-revelation will be made not with the imperious 'You must,' with its appendage of pains and penalties. There is no better ethical text book in the world than the Bible. It abounds in principles and precepts and examples, negative—the courses to be avoided, and positive—those to be imitated. The following is one suggested outline:

MORAL PRECEPT.

How children may be caused to appreciate their responsibilities.
How they may be induced to be accurate and to love truthfulness.
How to meet calmly their disappointments.
How to meet with propriety the disagreeable conduct of others.

MORAL ACTION.

How to cultivate courage and perseverence.
How to cause habits of concentration and industry.
How to inspire definite and practical ambitions.
How to cause choice of honorable companions.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TURNING TO GOD.

Monday, Jan. 1.—The ark of the Lord. I. Sam., v., 7,8.

Tuesday, Jan. 2.—The ark sent home. I. Sam. vi., 1-9.

Wednesday, Jan. 3.—The ark at Beth-shemesh. I. Sam. vi., 10-21.

Thursday, Jan. 4.—The ark at Kirjath-jearim. I. Sam. vii., 1, 2.

Friday, Jan. 5.—Confessing sin. Ps. li., 3, 4.

Saturday, Jan. 6.—Forsaking sin. Isa. lv., 7.

Sunday, Jan. 7.—Topic—How to turn to God. I. Sam. vii., 3-6. (Consecration meeting.)

Will the Heathen Perish?

I meet a good many people who say to me, I cannot believe that the heathen are lost because they have not heard the gospel; and I fully agree with them. But I believe they are lost because they are born in sin, live in sin, and go on in sin. It is not a question as to whether people 'will be lost.' We 'are' lost every one of us in a state of nature.

The unconverted 'are' lost already, but they can learn that Jesus Christ came to seek and to save not those who are in danger of being lost, but those that 'are' lost. The Chinese, Hindus, etc., 'are' lost, and the question is whether we shall tell them about the Saviour who can save them, and bring the remedy to bear upon their lives, which will save for time and eternity, Rom. ii., 6, 12.—J. Hudson Taylor

Horn of Plenty.

A whisky manufacturer had among his brands one called the 'Horn of Plenty,' on which a temperance poet wrote the following lines:—

'Plenty of poverty, plenty of pain,
Plenty of sorrow, plenty of shame,
Plenty of broken hearts, hopes doomed and sealed,
Plenty of graves for the potter's field.'
—'National Advocate.'

An Old Manuscript on Intemperance.

A collection of 'King's Pamphlets' in the library of the British Museum has been found to contain an old tract, dated May 7, 1646, on the sin of drunkenness. It consists of a single leaf, and is as follows:—

'The Drunkard's Character,'
'A drunkard is the Annoyance of Modesty,'
'The Trouble of Civility,'
'The Spoiler of Wealth,'
'The Destruction of Reason,'
'He is only the Brewer's Agent,'
'The Taverne and Alehouse Benefactor,'
'The Beggar's Companion,'
'The Constable's Trouble,'
'He is his Wife's Woe,'
'His Children's Sorrow,'
'His Neighbor's Scoffe,'
'His Own Shame,'
'In Summer, he is a Tubb of Swill,'
'A Spirit of Sleep,'
'A Picture of a Beast,' and
'A Monster of Men.'

The Home-made Meetings.

(Mother Experience, in the 'Union Signal.')

The union at Claxton had, for various reasons, reached a low ebb in attendance, enthusiasm and activity, and never had the town seemed so callous and unimpressible. There were four sisters present this Tuesday evening at the union meeting, four out of a membership of fifty. Officers had recently been elected, and a new president, very timid, very inexperienced, but very earnest and true was chairman of the little meeting. She was not so much dismayed at the small attendance, for she was used to being one of a 'faithful few,' as at the indifference toward the temperance cause that it seemed to betoken.

'Let us get at it,' she said, 'and consider just what we have to do with. Will the secretary please read the names of our regular members, and let us, as they are read, list those who are really interested and can be relied on to help us in all possible ways, whether they attend or not.'

Almost to their surprise, they found the list to be fairly long, fully thirty names. 'And almost all these are well, and young people to take hold and do, and most of them old and wise enough for almost any line of service,' said Mrs. Blake.

Then the honorary list was canvassed, and thirty-five good brothers enrolled as 'reliables.'

'Now,' said Mrs. Fraser, 'if we are taking account of temperance stock in Claxton, we might as well enumerate a number outside of the union who are sound in the faith, and who would give us a bit of help here and there as quickly as any one, though they will not join the union.' And proceeding with the listing of 'good friends outside,' they found about fifteen men and twenty women more than they really knew of.

Said the timdit little president, 'What we need is to arouse, to stir up the people on the temperance subject; to get them to thinking intelligently and deeply, and on different sides of the subject. If only they all took our best temperance papers—but of course they don't, and will not, or they would not be so indifferent as they are.'

'Since we are in the listing business,' said Miss Butler, 'suppose we think of and list all these different lines or phases of temperance thought that we can in a few minutes.' And they soon had a formidable list written out,—these intelligent women, who had so thoroughly studied their leaflets and similar literature.

'So many,' said Mrs. Blake, 'and I am sure that we have not half exhausted the mighty subject. And every one of these topics might be sub-divided, and each sub-topic be theme enough for a lengthy speech.'

An idea occurs to me,' said Mrs. Graham, the secretary, as she stayed her pencil a moment and spread out the lists they had just been making. 'Here are the "sure enough" temperance people, a hopeful hundred or so of them, and here are some of the subjects in outline about which they need to be more stirred and aroused, and through them the whole town uplifted. Can't we connect the thing some way? Make Mr. A go to talking about theme No. 1, Mr. B about theme No. 2 and so on?'

'Where?' 'When?' 'How?' the sisters' voices chorused.

'Let's see.' And she thought a moment. 'It would mean public meetings, home made ones.' 'Where?' 'In the churches, one after another.' 'When?' 'Some regular weekday evening, I guess. Monday is the least occupied evening in our town at present.' 'How?' 'Well, under W.C.T.U. auspices, by these temperance men and women at request. Now as this is to arouse and educate those who need it, let's not put in as chief spokesman Mr. Edwards or Mr. Nichols, for instance, who have done most of the earnest talking and thinking in this town, and can no doubt, lecture offhand against the liquor traffic more intelligently than any body else. Let's keep these tried and proved stalwarts for a reserve force, and bring some of these others who have never figured in a public temperance programme, to the front.'

And after a little more discussion the following programme was made out:

Subject for the evening: Liquor as related to Labor. Sub-divided and handled as follows:—

1. How much would labor be benefited if the money now used in manufacturing liquor were used in the manufacture of clothing, furniture, machinery, etc.? Judge Roseman.

2. How does moderate drinking affect the laborer's average ability and faithfulness? John G. Hazleton.

3. What shall the poor laboring man do for recreation and social intercourse if the saloon is abolished? Mrs. E. D. Appleby.

4. How much money is expended annually by laboring men in Claxton for liquors, and what would it buy of home comforts if so expended? Arthur T. Bingham.

Mrs. Appleby was a leading member of the Chautauqua circle, Mr. Bingham was cashier in a bank, and Mr. Hazleton a building contractor. All were avowed temperance people but not popularly ranked among the 'cranks,' which means that they were not used to working aggressively for temperance in any form.

Mrs. Graham undertook to persuade these four people to speak, or to write and read a paper, each on the topic assigned. Mrs. Blake would secure the church and the aid of the choir in singing. Miss Butler promised to provide two brief and bright recitations for programme variety, and the president would submit the proposed programme to Mr. Nichols and Mr. Edwards, and the Rev. Dr. Abbott, and ask them to come prepared 'to be called upon unexpectedly,' to fill gaps if need be in the programme, talking upon any of the assigned topics. Two weeks were given for preparation. The papers gladly published the programme, and stay-at-homes from the union meetings began to think they would go some time very soon and see what the union was doing.

The meeting was a great success, the house being well filled to hear what the new speakers would have to say, and as one fellow remarked, 'to see if they would really do it any way.' The attraction of novelty was greater if Mr. Bingham, Mrs. Appleby, Judge Roseman and John Hazelton were going to 'spout' temperance than as if some lecturer of national reputation had been engaged at a high price. Three of them, quite unused to public speaking, wrote out carefully prepared papers, but one of these, Mr. Hazleton, found so much he wanted to say when he got into his subject, that his eloquent interludes of talk between paragraphs was the best part of his contribution, and he almost wished he had the whole hour. The W. C. T. U. had furnished such literature as they could to aid in the preparation, and the speakers had grown intensely interested in their subjects. Every one thought it the best temperance meeting for years, and when the W. C. T. U. announced that they hoped to have a succession of these home-made meetings, there was a general expression of approval.

The meetings were held once in three weeks. Only one of the pastors was put upon the programme at any time, and he had his assigned topic and limit of time, the same as the others. Teachers, lawyers, doctors, business men, mechanics, clerks,—employees of various kinds as well as the professions were represented. The four women who had divided among themselves the work of providing for that initial meeting came to be known as the 'standing committee on home made meetings,' and each of the four had always a good look to the future, and was easily ready for her part of the work when the time for it came.

And wasn't the town awakened? The liquor power, so long dominant, found public sentiment steadily rising against it. Men grew bolder and bolder in denouncing the saloon, until after two years of these meetings, no-license gained the victory at one glad election. Did the meetings cease then? By no means. The war was not over, and the W. C. T. U. continued to arrange fresh, up-to-date programmes, and persuade speakers and writers to carry them out.

And the meetings, made bright with song and recitation, and sparkling with wit and anecdote as well as fact and argument, were too interesting to be dropped. 'Our' temperance meetings they came to be generally called, for people feel that they belong to what they help to do, and the W.C.T.U. was never so popular.

Why Smith Sold Out His Saloon.

'I hear that Smith has just sold out his saloon,' said one of a couple of middle-aged men who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in an American saloon.

'Yes,' responded the other, rather slowly.

'What was the reason? I thought he was just coining money there.'

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then said: 'Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played outdoors. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family.

'Well, he went home one afternoon last week and found his wife out shopping. He went through the house into the back yard, and there under the apple tree were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting the drinks up pretty free.

'Smith walked over and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbor's boy two years older, lay asleep behind the tree.

'"Boys, you must not drink that!" he said, as he lifted the little six-year-old from behind the bench.

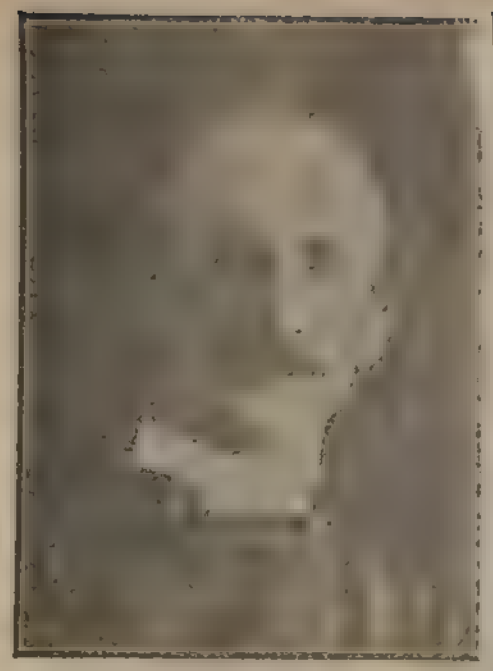
'"We's playin' s'loon, papa; and I was sellin' it just like you," said the little fellow.

'Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys home and put them to bed. When his wife came back she found him crying like a child.

'He came down town that night and sold his business and says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it.'

This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.—'Christian Scotsman.'

The Hungarian Premier has issued a decree prohibiting the employment in all Hungarian towns of women under the age of 20 in any restaurant or public house. This decree will affect 20,000 barmaids.



THE REV. JOHN MACKAY.

A MINISTER'S APPRECIATION.

Montreal, Nov. 20th.

Editor 'Witness,' Montreal:—

Dear Sir —Allow me to extend to you my heartiest congratulations upon the unparalleled feat which you and your predecessors have performed in carrying to its sixtieth year of vigorous service a paper with such lofty ideals as the Montreal 'Witness.'

In these days of money madness it is so easy to prostitute the almost unlimited powers of the public press to the service of the myriad depraving tendencies that are at work in the world, and which ever offer a fertile field for unprincipled money-getting. So far has this been yielded to that there are few daily papers published on our continent that can be trusted to give the fair and unvarnished facts, unbiased by patronage or the vulgar craving for the exciting and the marvellous.

You who have had the making of the 'Witness' have won the admiration of the world, and have laid upon the citizens of Montreal a greater debt of gratitude than even they fully know by giving, not what people want, but what is wholesome and true and good. That you have succeeded in making such a policy commercially successful is the best tribute I know to the character of the people of Montreal, to your ability and to the winning power of true ideals.

May you long continue to prosper and to carry out in even fuller measure the ideals for which you have so well stood during these sixty years.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) JOHN MACKAY.

Pastor Cr[illegible] Presbyterian Church.

THE REV. J. A. GORDON, D.D.,
First Baptist Church, Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—In common with thousands of other admirers, I rejoice in the success of the 'Witness' for many reasons, chief among which are the following:—

Its editorials from day to day have been of high literary merit. I regard the 'Witness' as a positive educational benediction to any home to which it constantly comes.

Its influence, cost what it may, has always been on the right side of every moral question.

Its history of sixty years has been clean, clear and courageous.

Its present position in public confidence as a first class newspaper of high moral tone, with the steady increase of its circulation, has demonstrated that it is not necessary to the ultimate success of a newspaper to cater to that which is low or in any way questionable.

The least that any one who is interested in the social, intellectual and moral welfare of our great and growing country can do is to publicly express his appreciation of the efficient way in which the 'Witness' helps on every good word and work. This I most cheerfully do

With best wishes for the 'Witness' still greater prosperity in the future.

Yours [illegible].

J. A. GORDON.

FROM THE REV. DR. POTTS,
of the Methodist Church, Department of Education.

Toronto, December 14th, 1895.

My Dear Sir,—I take great pleasure in joining the many who are expressing their hearty congratulations on the approaching Diamond Jubilee of the 'Witness.'

I have known the present proprietor for many years, and had also the pleasure of an acquaintance with his worthy father.

The 'Witness' has borne constant and unwavering testimony for truth and righteousness, and has been a welcome visitor in many of the homes of the Dominion of Canada.

I am sure that its influence in the future as in the past, shall be emphatically on the side of temperance, morality and religion.

Ever yours,

JOHN POTTS.

A WORTHY RECORD.

('Christian Guardian')

We extend our heartiest congratulations to the 'Witness,' of Montreal, that is just now celebrating its Diamond Jubilee. No newspaper is better known throughout the length and breadth of our Dominion, and none has a better record of cleanness and faithfulness to high ideals. Its strong and persistent advocacy of temperance and all moral reforms, its freedom from narrow partyism, as well as its breadth of outlook in the discussion of national and world-wide interests, have won for it the esteem and confidence of a great number of the best of the Canadian people. The 'Witness' has had a long and an honorable career. May it renew its youth and greatly enlarge the sphere of its influence in the days to come.

(From the 'Patrie,' Montreal)

The 'Witness' is this year celebrating the sixtieth anniversary yof its found[illegible]. . . . On the occasion of this memorable anniversary the 'Patrie' extends to the confrere its most hearty greetings.

THE REV. G. OSBORNE TROOP,
Rector St. Martin's Church, Montreal.

ST. MARTIN'S RECTORY,
Montreal.

For the 'Witness.'

Sir:—I am deeply interested to hear of your approaching Diamond Jubilee

My personal acquaintance with the 'Witness' began with my arrival in this city nineteen years ago, and every passing year has deepened the respect and admiration with which I have watched its [illegible], patriotic, and Christian career

I was honored with a recent opportunity of looking over the Prospectus of the 'Witness' as set forth in the original issue of December, 1845, and you are certainly entitled to the highest praise for your persistent fidelity to the lofty principles therein set forth.

In this mercenary age the 'Witness' is free from the enslaving love of money, and has sacrificed large sums in maintenance of its principles

May God continue to bless the 'Witness' and its Publishers even more richly in the future than in the past. The relation between the 'Witness' and its readers is close and sacred, and eternity alone will reveal the extent of its influence for righteousness in the family and in the State.

If I may add one word, I would express my earnest conviction that all true lovers of their country and their God should add the strength of their subscription to the 'Witness' that it may with unfettered hands go on and prosper.

G. OSBORNE TROOP

(The 'British Whig' Kingston, Nov. 24, 1895.)

The Montreal 'Witness' is celebrating in a justifiable cele[illegible] of its sixtieth birthday. It is a paper for the home, and its reputation should be hard[illegible] from father to son. It [illegible] on moral issues, is decidedly enterprising, and its news up-to-date.

THE REV. J. L. GILMOUR,
Olivet Baptist Church, Montreal

Dear Sir:—Permit me to congratulate the 'Witness' on the celebration of its sixtieth birthday. It is a great achievement for a paper to keep on with its regular visits for sixty years, and it is much to be able to say that the energy and brains of one family have been directing it during all that time.

The 'Witness' has created a place for itself that is unique in Canadian journalism, and I rejoice in the principles for which it stands. The Scripture says that "righteousness exalteth a nation," and it is true also that '[illegible] exalteth a newspaper."

I sincerely trust that the 'Witness' may live to celebrate many birthdays and that it may stand during all its existence for right[illegible], cleanness and truth

Sincerely,

J. L. GILMOUR.

(From the Montreal 'Star')

Sixty years of [illegible] Christian journalism by father and son.

That is the record of the Dougall family which the 'Witness' is now so fittingly celebrating. The father, John Dougall, performed a heroic task when he founded this journal away back in the first half of the last century; and the son, John Redpath Dougall, who [illegible] father's policy, has [illegible] and improved the journal committed as a trust to his keeping.

* * *

Apart from [illegible] 'Witness' has been [illegible] most always on the right side. Its record [illegible] pride [illegible] the Witness' has [illegible] the Witness' [illegible] of public usefulness and [illegible].

THE REV. ROBERT JOHNSTON, D.D.,
Pastor American Presbyterian Church.

Montreal Nov. 15, 1895

To the Editor of the Montreal 'Witness':

My dear Sir.—My earliest recollection of a newspaper is of the Montreal 'Weekly [illegible]' [illegible] before I was born my father was a subscriber to what he considered the best paper in the world, and so continued during his life. Among the forces that have told most in shaping [illegible]. It has always been loyal to the home: [illegible] in its denunciation of oppression, bigotry and wrong

I know of no single agency that has done more than the 'Witness' has done in developing the things that are most worth living for in our Canadian life; in this re[illegible] the nation its debtor

With its many friends I join in congratulating the 'Witness' on the attainment of its sixtieth year, when it is able to look back on sixty years of [illegible] service, and I pray for its continued prosperity and power.

ROBT JOHNSTON

(From 'Le Canada,' Montreal)

The 'Canada' referring to the 'Witness' says: 'We desire to tender our [illegible] greeting to our confrere the 'Witness' on the occasion of the 60th anniversary of its foundation.

The Witness' is one of the journals [illegible] our country. It has [illegible] the 'Witness' is a [illegible] protestation against the 'yellow' tendencies of present journalism.'

about the future of Canada is applicable to

THE REV. E. MUNSON HILL, D.D.,

Principal of the Congregational College of Canada.

Congregational College of Canada,

Montreal, Nov. 30, 1905.

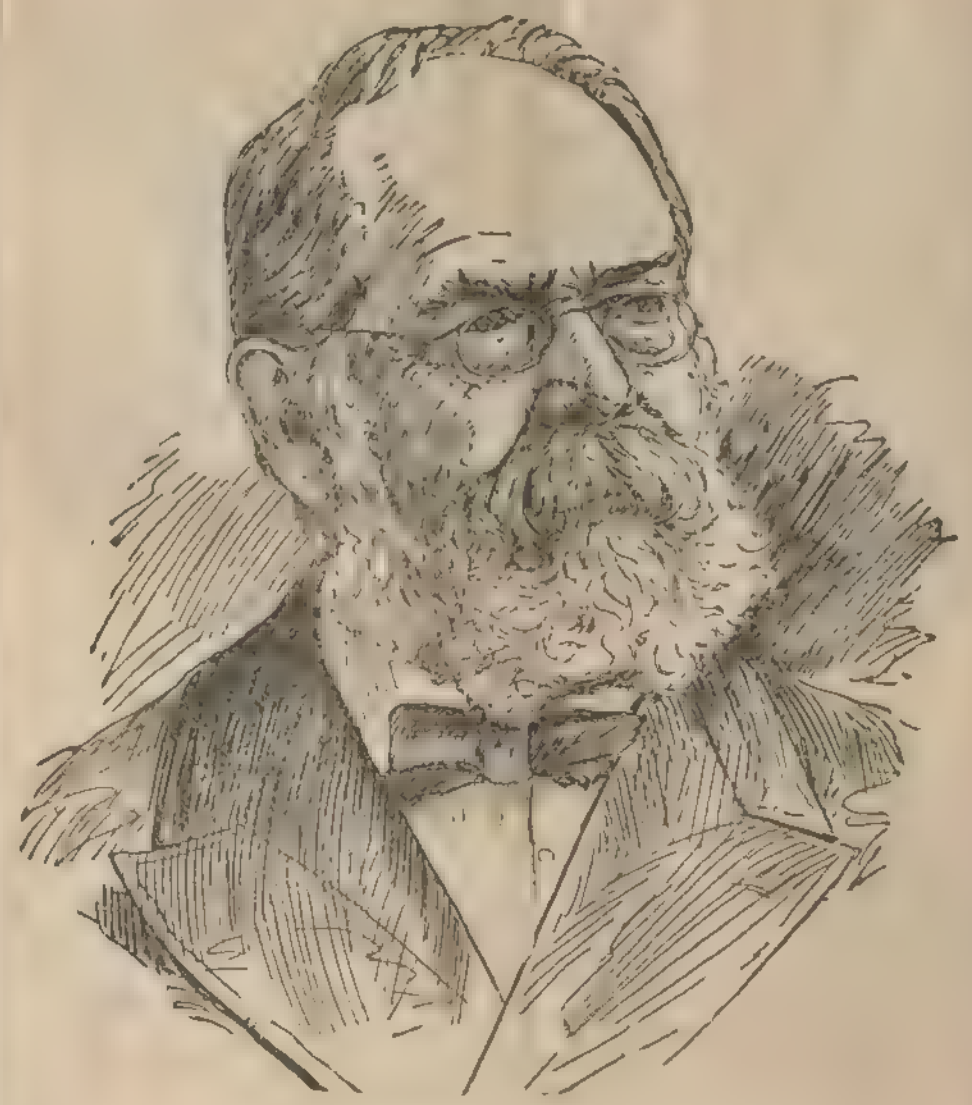
To the 'Witness':

I wish to add my congratulation on your significant birthday. It does the city good to see that a paper with your principles and methods can live 60 years and gain ground all the time. The country needs you. I have read the 'Witness' for 22 years because I have seen you trying unfettered by subsidies to use the potent forces of the daily press to lead public opinion as well as to report it. You have tried to make unrighteousness ashamed of itself, whether in high influential life or in low.

It has always been helpful to look at passing events through the eyes of men who were looking for their bearing on moral issues rather than on party politics. A conscience is a more expensive luxury than a subsidy, but public life is coming to appreciate it more. You have done your part.

Sincerely yours,

E. MUNSON HILL.



S. P. ROBINS, LL.D., D.C.L.,

Principal of the McGill Normal School for Teachers, writes,

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Publishers 'Daily Witness,' etc.

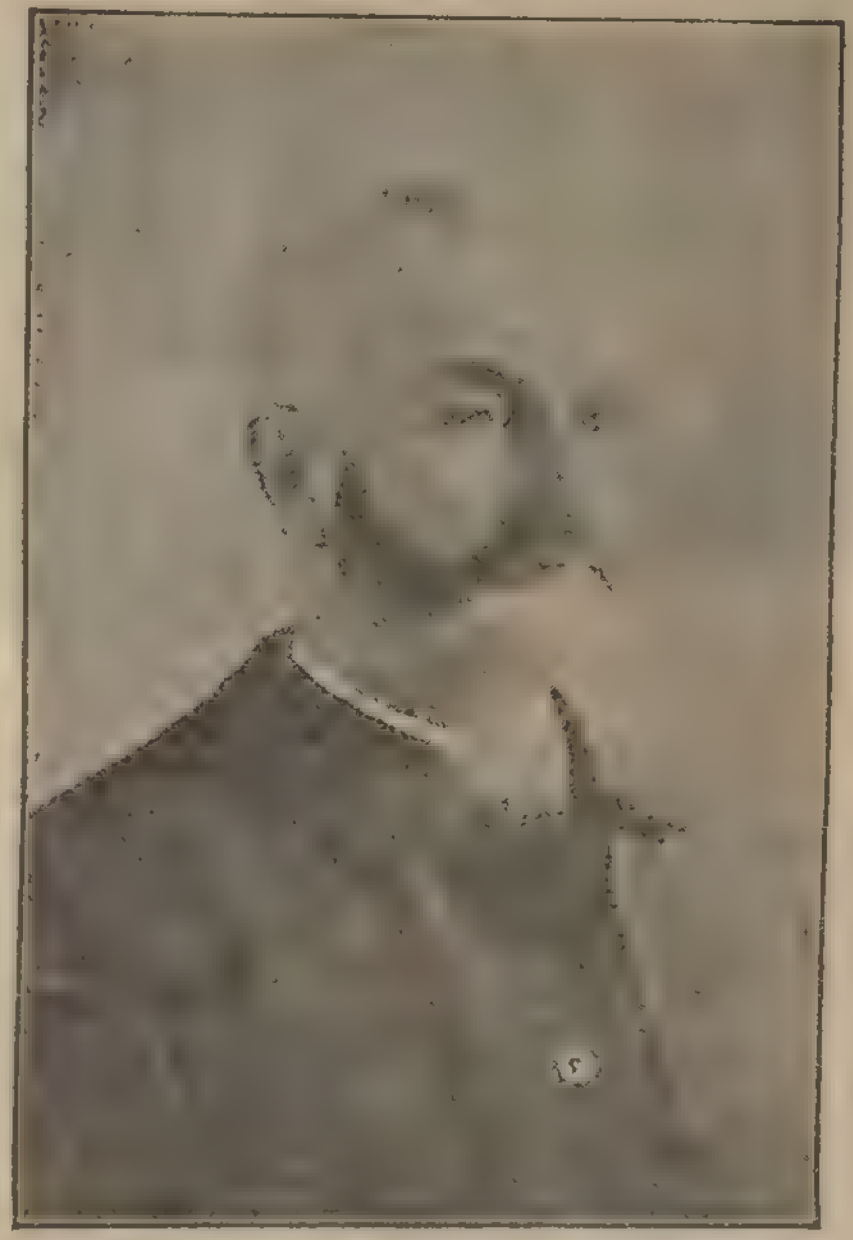
Gentlemen,—It gives me pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to the 'Witness' for much instruction and entertainment through many years. It is one of two or three papers that I constantly peruse. I have never yet seen anything in its columns unsuitable for family reading

As a family paper I value it highly. Its editorial summaries of passing events are judicious and thoughtful; I found them to be very helpful to the understanding of the confused news from the seats of war in South Africa and in Manchuria, calm, clear and devoid of sensational conjecture. The frankly Christian tone of the paper and its resolute stand for right, irrespective of varied creeds and of political parties, merit and have won my admiring respect.

Your obedient servant,

S. P. ROBINS,

Principal McGill Normal School.



REV. E. I. REXFORD, D.D., LL.D.,

Principal of the Diocesan Theological College.

Dear Sirs,—The 'Witness' has been a recognized force in our family from its inception down to the present time. It has many excellent characteristics as a family newspaper which make it a welcome guest in thoughtful homes; but among them there is one which appears to me to be of supreme importance at the present time—namely, that the editorial columns of the 'Witness' impress you with the fact that they set forth the honest, personal convictions of one who has given careful thought to the subject, you may not agree with his view-point, you may question the correctness of his judgment, but you are compelled to feel that the conclusions are determined not by expediency, not by commercial consideration, but by personal convictions.

It is the prayer of good citizens that the 'Witness' may long continue to be a power and blessing in the land.

Yours faithfully,

ELSON I. REXFORD.

about the future of Canada is applicable to itself, that 'there never was a time when its outlook was more buoyant and hopeful.'

Not many Canadian journalists of the present day can recall the personality of the founder of the 'Witness,' the late Mr. John Dougall. He was a strenuous and persistent advocate of temperance in times when the constituency to which he appealed, and which he did much to develop, was far from being as extensive as it is now. With growing experience he broadened the outlook of his journal, without abating a jot of his ideal or compromising on a single one of his principles, until it took its present well-defined place as a high-toned, independent newspaper, enterprising in the collection and dissemination of news, fearless in its denunciation of wrong, and generous in its recognition of all that makes for righteousness.

The present proprietor of the 'Witness,' Mr. John R. Dougall, has worthily carried out the ideals and more than maintained the reputation of the 'Witness.' Under his management its character has been improved and its influence strengthened, while it has retained its uncompromising attitude to the liquor traffic and all the evils which are associated with it. This attitude has made it more difficult to achieve financial success, but a struggle of this sort heroically and fully maintained never fails to secure recognition, and the wide circle of friends, sympathizers, and supporters which the 'Witness' has gathered around it is the best proof that the practice of self-denial has not been unappreciated.—

MR. HENRY MILES.

Ex-President, Montreal Board of Trade.

Montreal, 8th December, 1905.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,
Proprietors of the 'Witness,' Montreal.

Gentlemen:—On the occasion of the 60th anniversary of the establishment of the 'Witness,' I am gratified to avail myself of the privilege of expressing to you the high estimation in which I hold your publication. I have been a daily reader of your paper for 30 years and during this period it is a pleasure indeed to state that the uniform course of its management as evidenced in all of its columns has been one of honesty of purpose and truthfulness—dictated by well established convictions of a high standard of moral rectitude—your course has at times been sorely harassed by attack, and this, be it said, only served to make more patent a fearless faith in what was good for this city and for our fair Dominion at large.

The consideration of financial advantage has never caused the slightest deviation from those principles one can but admire.

With the 'Witness'—principle—has fully triumphed, and this is attested, not alone by the great increase in circulation, but even more strongly, perhaps, within the fact that every important factor in the country—be it government or individual, holds the highest respect and as of the greatest import the Editorial expression of the paper.

Important actions and events have been governed by the dictation of your columns—held as the mouthpiece of all that is for good and justice in our community.

As a business man I value the 'Witness' for its truth and reliability. In commercial matters it can be depended upon, and I can confidently say with an extended experience that the circulation of the 'Witness' affords the best return to the advertiser for his money expended.

Accept my congratulations to-day, and I wish the 'Witness' a continued success and prosperity so well merited.

Yours truly,
HENRY MILES.

INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM

(From the Ottawa 'Journal.')

The Montreal 'Witness' is celebrating its Diamond 'Jubilee, the close of the sixtieth year of its publication by father and son. John Dougall, the father, founded the 'Witness' in the earlier part of the last century, and John Redpath Dougall, the son, is conducting the 'Witness' to-day on the same lines as those upon which it was instituted. These lines are the lines of truth and righteousness as the Dougalls have seen them. They have been inspired apparently of its loftiest ideals. In the wide range of subjects upon which the modern press must serve in the shaping of public opinion—a range so wide that few persons outside the newspaper business recognizes its extent—the 'Witness' has been able to adhere steadfastly to its original ideals of cleanliness and fair play.

It is not the only newspaper in Canada in which these ideals are cherished. But that the 'Witness' should have pursued them so consistently, so effectively and for so long a time, is a fact which cannot fail to have stimulated the wholesome emulation of many of its contemporaries. In the domestic and public life of Canada, the 'Witness' must have been the means to the accomplishment of much good.

It is to-day congratulation and a [illegible] of praise in all quarters in Canada, even from newspapers representing phases of thought entirely different from those which seem to have governed the 'Witness' policy. Generalities, perhaps, would hardly serve to tell what the 'Witness' has been doing. A few concrete facts as to the nature of its work are worth mentioning. Its news columns, covering an immense variety of subjects, set all things fairly before its readers. Its editorials columns are notable for their fairness and clearness of reasoning and for an unusual literary ability. On one point alone, perhaps, has it maintained an attitude of absolute and unbroken antagonism. It is utterly opposed to the existence of the liquor traffic in all its forms. In politics it has shown an inclination to advance the cause of the Reform or Liberal party, but evil in that party has found in no quarter stronger condemnation than it has found at the hands of the 'Witness.'

The 'Journal' joins in the wish that the 'Witness' and Mr. Dougall may be long spared in their field of conspicuous usefulness.

THE REV. W. D. ARMSTRONG, Ph.D.

Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Ottawa, Dec. 7, 1905.

Editor of the 'Witness.'

Dear Sir:—Most heartily do I join in the congratulations that are pouring in upon the 'Witness' in connection with the completion of sixty years faithful and [illegible] work.

I have been a reader of the 'Witness' ever since I was able to read anything and sincerely acknowledge my indebtedness to it.

What your paper has done in the past in creating wholesome moral sentiment in the community, and maintaining higher ideals of life, only the Great Day will reveal.

It is a serious question with parents what paper they shall admit into their homes. We always felt safe with the 'Witness.'

May your paper continue through many generations, the champion of Truth, Purity and Righteousness, and vigorous as ever in smiting the evil and upholding the good.

Yours sincerely,
W. D. ARMSTRONG.

Prime Minister's Office,
Ottawa, 11th December, 1905.

Dear Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] to offer you my hearty and sincere congratulations [illegible] paper.

[illegible] ive, and in the community in which the 'Wit[illegible] of the population do not share your religious [illegible], but whether agreeing or dis[illegible] which you have [illegible] the discussion of [illegible] and especially [illegible] problems too often recurring [illegible] national life.

[illegible] been a source of high grat[illegible]n to me [illegible] conception of [illegible]c duty to sup[illegible] policy with which I have had to deal.

[illegible] ver you differed from me, and thought me in the [illegible] er force from my intimate convic[illegible] ense of public duty.

[illegible] ro wishes for your continued success.

Believe me, dear Mr. Dougall,
Yours very sincerely,
WILFRID LAURIER.

J. R. [illegible] Esq.,
[illegible]

F. D. MONK, K.C., M.P.

Montreal, 15th Dec., 1905.

Dear Mr. [illegible] I congratulate you on the [illegible] of your Jubilee and tender [illegible] wishes upon this aus[illegible]

The 'W[illegible]' has always been fearless and frank in the defence of its views on all public questions, a quality worthy of admiration, and in many instances it has rendered signal service to the people by its advocacy of what is right and honest.

Situated as it is, with its [illegible] circulation and [illegible] of papers, the 'W[illegible]' can do much to make us all together as good Canadians, and I join heartily with many others in wishing you every success in the accomplishment of this patriotic task for which your paper is so eminently qualified.

Yours sincerely,
F. D. MONK.

(From the [illegible] 'Chronicle.')

Among all [illegible] newspapers of the Dominion, the 'W[illegible]' is the most outspoken, honest and fearless champion of the broadest religious tolerance, justice and fair play to all races, classes and creeds.

MR. C. A. DUCLOS, K.C.,
Mayor of Westmount.

J. R. Dougall, Esq., Montreal:

My Dear Sir,—I cannot claim the privilege of an old friend, but I may be permitted to add mine to the many congratulations which the 'Daily Witness' is now receiving on the occasion of its Diamond Jubilee.

In every English-speaking community the 'Witness' has been a large factor in moulding public opinion, and in every community it has secured the respect of all parties by the consistent upholding of its principles and by its efforts to counteract the demoralizing influences tending to lower the value of the press. When the 'Witness' celebrates its centennial it can scarcely be hoped that you will have the active guidance of its fortunes, but I trust that a successor may be found who will still steer the ship by the old compass.

Wishing you continued success, believe me, yours very truly.

CHAS. A. DUCLOS.

of letters being received in connection with its sixtieth anniversary. These letters are published, not because praise is sweet, but for the influence they are likely to exercise upon the minds of those who do not already take the "Witness." As the founder depended upon his friends to circulate the first sample issues sixty years ago, so we must still depend upon our friends to further extend the circulation of the "Witness." For they alone know which of their friends or neighbors are most likely to appreciate it. We are more dependent upon the intelligently directed efforts of our friends because we voluntarily forego in the interests of our readers much financial support that many other papers obtain by the publication of advertisements which we consider harmful. Moreover, a paper that has not the backing of party or of religious creed and ask that our readers show this paper to their friends that they in turn may see what the most eminent men in the Dominion think of the "Witness."

If the "Witness" has been able to serve its day and generation, it is because it has had the loyal support of a very large and valued constituency, and it goes without saying, that an increase of circulation will give the "Witness" an extended field of usefulness. Incidentally also, its revenue would be increased, making further improvements possible.

We thank all those who have sent letters of appreciation of the "Witness" type of journalism, and very particularly do we thank our many generous contemporaries who have so kindly and spontaneously made editorial allusion to our Diamond Jubilee.

ALD. H. B. AMES, M.P.

Montreal, Dec. 14, 1905.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,

Publishers 'Daily Witness,' Montreal:

Sirs,—I am glad to join in the universal sentiment of congratulation which is being expressed on this, the completion of sixty years, since the 'Witness' was founded. So far back as my knowledge of the paper goes it has always stood for that which was clean in journalism, and has been a notable example of independence in advocating, cost what it might, the conscientious beliefs of those connected with it. We always know that the 'Witness' is sincere and, whether supporting or condemning a movement is actuated by worthy motives. Long may the paper continue to grow and prosper.

HERBERT B. AMES.

R. WILSON-SMITH, ESQ.
Ex-Mayor of Montreal.

Montreal, Dec. 14th, 1905.

J. R. Dougall, Esq., The 'Witness':

Dear Sir, I have much pleasure in congratulating you upon the 'Witness' celebrating its Diamond Jubilee.

I have been a reader of the 'Witness' for the last twenty-five years during which period I have much admired its independence, literary ability, and high moral tone. The 'Witness' is honorably distinguished by its abstinence from its columns of reports of obnoxious, demoralizing sports, and the non-insertion of the revolting details of crimes. These features, and your refusal to insert objectionable advertisements, have ever made the 'Witness' welcome in the family circle. I also congratulate you upon the admirable and convenient make-up of the paper.

Wishing you a long continuance and marked increase of prosperity, I remain,

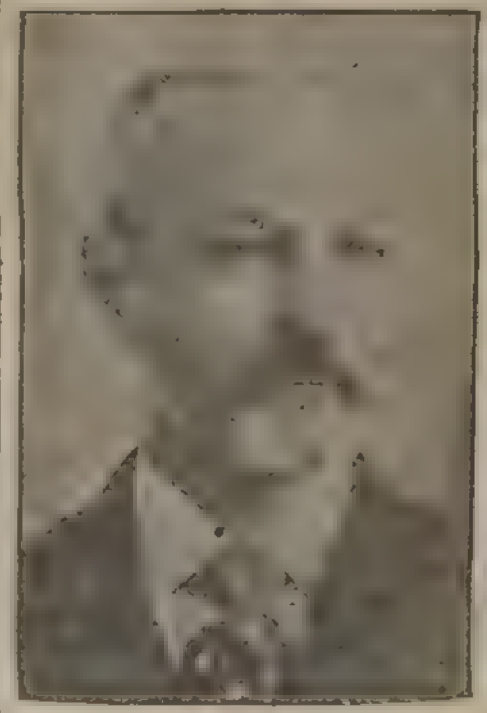
Yours faithfully,
R. WILSON-SMITH.

Premier of the Province of Quebec.

Montreal, 14th Dec. 1905.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—I beg to have the privilege of extending to the 'Daily Witness' my hearty congratulations on the celebration of its sixtieth anniversary. The influence of the 'Witness' is considerable, and my wish is that you may continue to progress and advance, as your policy of integrity and public spiritedness so long and persistently followed, is deserving of general commendation.

Believe me, dear Mr. Dougall,—
Yours truly,
LOMER GOUIN.



MR. JAMES THOM.
Treasurer Montreal Board of Trade.

Montreal, Dec. 14, 1905.

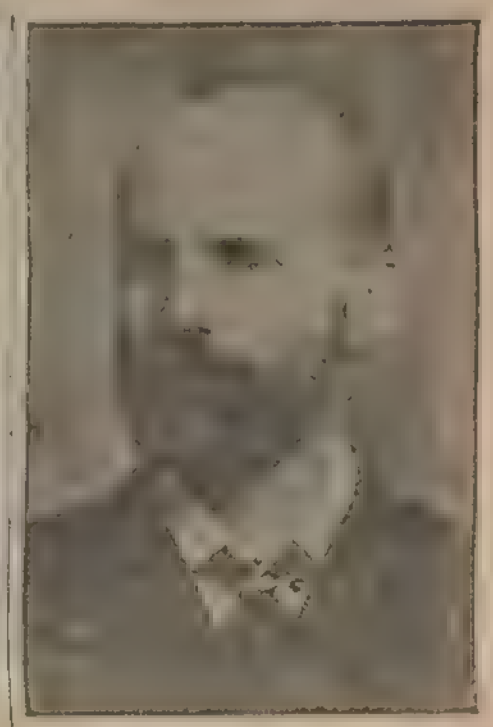
Messrs. J. Dougall & Son,
Proprietors Montreal 'Daily Witness,'
City:

Dear Sirs,—I have been a constant reader of the 'Daily Witness' for many years, and have much pleasure in adding my testimony to its worth, both as a newspaper and to the ability of its editorials. Its influence is invariably exerted on the side of right, and it is always a welcome visitor to my household and now that it has reached its Diamond Jubilee celebration, wish it continued prosperity for many years to come.

Yours sincerely,
JAMES THOM.

(From the Alexandria 'News,' Nov. 24, 1905.)

The Montreal 'Witness' is celebrating its Diamond Jubilee. As an advocate of those principles which [illegible] for the permanent well being of our national and social life, it is absolutely [illegible] in that respect holds a unique position in Canadian journalism. May its success be commensurate with its consistency.



MR W. I. GEAR,
President, Montreal Board of Trade.

25 St Sacrament street, Montreal,
Dec. 15, 1905.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—It gives me great pleasure to attest to the high standing of the Montreal 'Daily Witness' as a leader in commercial, political, spiritual and moral matters; a paper with integrity of purpose, never-swerving from its conceived path of justice; and I congratulate it on its obtaining its diamond jubilee, and trust it may long have the honor of being amongst the great leaders of the press.

Believe me, yours very truly,
WILLIAM I. GEAR.

John Dougall, Esq., Montreal.

From the Dauphin 'Press.'

The Montreal 'Witness' is preparing to celebrate its diamond jubilee. The 'Witness' occupies a unique position in the field of Canadian journalism. It has demonstrated that a paper can adopt a high standard and live up to it and be successful. The 'Witness' avoids the sensational and yellow tint articles as it would a plague. Its editorial page is conducted ably and the questions of the day discussed fearlessly. There is room in Canada for many more such papers. Long may the 'Witness' thrive.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Windows of the Mind.

If the windows of your mind are thrown wide to the sunlight there is no place for the darkness.

If they are thrown wide open to good cheer there is no room for sadness.

If they are opened to sweet thoughts there is no quarter for the bitter.

If they are bright with hope there is no lurking spot for despair; if they are bright with courage there is no harborage for fear.

If they are filled with tranquillity and peace there is no room for discontent.

If they are filled with sweet temper there is no place for anger; if they are filled with tenderness and sympathy there is no shelter for 'sweet revenge.'—'Church Woman's Magazine.'

A Paradise on Earth—If.

The Rev. Henry Van Dyke tells of the happiness that would result if Christians would leave off the mad race for wealth and live in simple daily trust in God. He says:

'Suppose that the Christian life, in its daily manifestation, should come to be marked and known by simplicity and happiness. Suppose that the followers of Jesus should really escape from bondage to the evil spirits of avarice and luxury which infect and torment so much of our complicated, tangled, artificial modern life. Suppose that instead of loading themselves down on life's journey with so many bags and parcels and boxes of superfluous luggage and bric-a-brac that they are forced to sit down by the roadside and gasp for breath, instead of wearing themselves out in the dusty ways of competition and vain show, or embittering their hearts because they cannot succeed in getting into the weary race of wealth and fashion—suppose instead of all this, they should turn to quiet ways, lowly pleasures, pure and simple joys, "plain living and high thinking." Suppose they should truly find and clearly show their happiness in the knowledge that God loves them and Christ died for them and Heaven is sure, and to set their hearts free to rejoice in life's common mercies, the light of the sea, the peace of the everlasting hills, the song of the birds, the sweetness of flowers, the wholesome savor of good food, the delight of action and motion, the refreshment of sleep, the charm of music and the blessings of human friendship.' —'Ram's Horn.'

Judge Not.

The contents of schoolboys' desks are sometimes surprising. I lately read an account given by a master at a boarding-school of what he saw on one occasion when he had to superintend the opening and searching of some forty or fifty desks in connection with a supposed theft.

'When I came to the desk of nearly the smallest boy in the room, says the master, 'a small parcel fell from the owner's hand. A queer, whity-brown paper parcel it was, bound round with string in the most intricate convolutions and series of knots. Of course, I had to examine the parcel. As I put out my hand for it, the boy hesitated. The other fellows exchanged glances, as much as to say that we had run the fox to earth at last. Even older and wiser heads thought the same. There stood the frightened, anxious boy, his blue-gray eyes filled with tears, his fair face all marred with terror, and his soft, wavy, flaxen hair, which gentle hands had doubtless smoothed many a day at home, was all tangled now.

'"Please don't open it, sir," pleaded the child—for such he was—"pray do not open it here before the boys."

'Had I followed my own inclinations I should have given back the parcel unopened. But that could not be. With my penknife I cut through the string, undid the many wraps of paper, and disclosed to view a little pill-box which might well have contained the missing money. I opened the box. Nestled in a bed of wool was a dainty locket, and with it a small scrap of paper on which was written: "For my dear Percy, with his mother's love." That locket inclosed a piece of a loving mother's hair, and the little boy had been an orphan only a few weeks.'—Selected.

Proper Food for Consumptives

Consumption is the ghost that stands ever at the side of the average person. Whether it is because the disease is contagious—and I honestly believe it is, in spite of what the doctors say to the contrary—or whether it is due to our manner of living, I do not know. But the fact remains that it is steadily and alarmingly gaining ground. The papers are full of advertisements of medicines that are absolutely guaranteed to cure the disease, and people are grasping at every straw that may possibly draw them back from the abyss into which they feel themselves sinking. But there is something higher than medicines. Nature has a cure for every disease, and the first thing to do is to help Nature to help herself If the body is filled up with medicines until the system is nothing more than a branch office of a drug store, Nature becomes choked and finds it impossible to work unhampered.

Consumption is, in its very nature, a wasting disease. Therefore the main thing to do is to see that the fleshy tissues are built up faster than the disease can break them down. This must be done by the assimilation of proper food. One of the first symptoms of the dread pulmonary disease is a complete loss of appetite, and the eating of food must be merely a perfunctory matter. But it is the most important of all.

Vegetarianism and hygienic dieting may be a very idealistic condition of affairs for some people, but it will not do for the consumptive. Fruits, vegetables and cereals must figure in the diet, to be sure, but the mainstay must be meat, and as much fat as the stomach will digest. Use fats in every possible form. Some physicians claim that good bacon is almost as helpful to the consumptive as the time-honored cod liver oil. Peanuts, and in fact nuts of every variety, may be eaten not only with impunity but with good results as well. Cream used in abundance is also to be recommended. This may either be taken pure or served on cereal dishes or puddings, for puddings are not to be tabooed so long as pure, sweet fats be used in their composition. Fish, served with sweet butter-sauce, is nutritious and digestible, and mutton or beef, cooked to shreds and served with all the juice of the meat should build up flesh if anything would do so. Grapes and apples should be eaten in abundance. Pure honey is also said to be very beneficial in pulmonary troubles, and in one case a woman was completely cured of what promised to be a clear case of consumption by partaking often of pure honey and rich cream. The combination sounds rather alarming and conjures up visions of stomach aches of every kind and variety. But the fact of the matter is, no discomfort was felt after eating the mixture, and the cure was also quick and effectual.

Next to the matter of food comes the necessity for exercise. If any organ of the body is not used it immediately loses its power and deteriorates. The use of every particle of the surface of the lungs must be forced, by deep breathing, and by exercises that will induce a proper use of the lungs. Sing all the time and whistle. Learn to use the dumb-bells and Indian clubs, and participate in every possible form of out-door exercise. In short, be natural, and Nature, in gratitude for the freedom allowed her, will heal the imflammations and build up a healthy tissue that will defy disease.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

The Celebrated English Cocoa.

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

Talks With the Servants.

'Perhaps I'd better warn you that the madam will be down here at ten o'clock. That's her hour, and she's not often late. She'll look to have the kitchen quite tidy when she comes. You'll have her chair ready there by the table, the butcher's and grocer's book ready to hand, and beside them the pen and ink. I'll tell you how she manages. It saves trouble all round, and not one penny goes out of this house that she doesn't know all about. She's liberal and free handed, but she won't waste a crumb nor throw away a cent. Down she'll come, and a sharp look all around, I'll warrant you. If anything is wrong or neglected you'll not fail to hear of it—though quite pleasantly if plainly. She'll talk over the day's meals, what's in the house what's needed, just what is to be cooked for the next luncheon, dinner and breakfast. All that's wanted is written down in the books—exactly the pounds and quantities, with the date attached. Then off she goes; it's all done in five minutes. The butcher's boy and grocer's boy come for the books at half-past ten; at eleven the day's supplies are in the house. Once a week the madam herself goes to the markets and takes a look about to see what's in season and to be had. She calls it a waste of time to go herself every day, and she looks to you to see that the meat and fish and vegetables brought are good and fresh, or you are not to accept them. On Monday mornings all her bills are paid. The books come added up; the milkman, iceman, and baker leave their accounts too. She has from each a list of their prices, which she keeps for reference, and checks off the books with them. A whole half-hour she gives to these accounts. She can see under each date her own order, and opposite is the price, which should tally with her list of prices. Then she draws checks for each account, tells you beforehand, as well as she can, just what guests are expected, just what meals she will take away from home, so that you may arrange your work comfortably beforehand, and the bulk of the housekeeping for the week is done. Pretty simple for both of you, isn't it?

'Soda? Why that's the most important thing in the whole kitchen. It just halves your work—only don't let it get into the laundry; it's forbidden there. For example, you put a lump of it in among the dishes when they are to be washed after breakfast. You'll notice, of course, that we have provided one of those nice paper dish-pans for you—that's why cups keep their handles in this kitchen, and why a dozen glasses last more than a week—you don't bang them against zinc or iron. With all the dishes gathered off the kitchen table into this light dish-pan, a lump of soda laid on top, and the hot water cock turned on full for a minute, just a turn or two of the mop makes things clean and ready for the towel. A lump, or even a pinch, of it in each pot cuts the grease out as if by magic, and with us

SPECIAL DIAMOND JUBILEE CLUB OFFERS.

We want each reader to send us one of the clubs below.

If each reader accomplished this, and we are sure it is possible to almost everyone—then our publications would have the largest circulation of any in the Dominion, and we would make a number of improvements without delay—improvements that each reader would immediately recognize and appreciate.

Four Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' separately addressed, worth $1.60, for only **$1.00,** three of whom must be new subscribers.

One Subscription each to the 'Northern Messenger' and 'Daily Witness,' worth $3.40, for only **$3.10.**

" " " " " " " 'Weekly " " $1.40, " **$1.20.**

" " " " " " " 'World Wide,' " $1.90 " **$1.75.**

SAMPLES FREE—Agents and Club Raisers will get further information and samples on application.

NOTE. — These rates will be subject to our usual postal regulations, as follows:—POSTAGE INCLUDED for Canada (Montreal and suburbs except), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Barbadoes, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus; also to the United States, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands. POSTAGE EXTRA to all countries not named in the foregoing list, as follows: 'Daily Witness,' $3.50 extra; 'Weekly Witness,' $1 extra; 'Northern Messenger,' 50c extra; 'World Wide,' subscription price, including postage to foreign countries, only $1.50.

Note—New subscribers will get the remainder of this year free.

Note—Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between these and the above club rate to cover their expenses.

Note—One's own subscription does not count in this offer because it does not require canvassing.

Note—Those working for other premiums will not benefit by these offers.

Note—To stimulate further effort, and as some will find it easy to get more than three or four subscribers, we will in addition to the foregoing remarkable offers, commencing November 15th, 1905, and until further notice, award each day to the subscriber sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for our various publications on that day,

OUR RED LETTER COLORED PLATE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.

These Bibles would appear to be good value at four dollars each.

If there should happen to be a tie for the largest amount in any given day the premium will be awarded to the one farthest away, because his remittance will have been mailed earlier than the other.

NOTE.— Sunday-School Clubs for the 'Messenger' will not count under this offer because they are not secured individually; because usually no one in particular is properly entitled to the premium; and because they are generally large, and to include them would only discourage those working up small individual lists. Neither will remittances count from news agents, from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications.

Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above Club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions and fifty percent (one half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending Five dollars or more at a time.

NOTE.—New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in homes where they have been taken.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

pot-washing has no terrors. More of it goes into the water with which the table is scrubbed, and is used in the water for mopping the floor, washing the windows, scalding the refrigerator, and before you go to bed at night we always look to have you pour a little hot soda water down the waste-pipe of the sink, for there grease is apt to clog and grow rank, and make disease and bad smells.

Of course we are enlightened in this house. We don't want you scrubbing all day and every day, so we put an oil-cloth on the floor for you, and we cover the kitchen dinner table with oil-cloth, and we buy it as it comes from the shop, all scalloped and cut in shelf widths, to cover every one of your shelves, tacking it neatly on, so that shelf and floor and washing table means only a trifle of labor for you.'—'Harper's Bazar.'

Home-made Candies.

Chocolate Bonbons.—Have ready some filberts, pecan halves, or other nuts, candied cherries and other fruits. Cut in small pieces and wrap around them until completely coated some plain fondant made as follows: Boil in a granite saucepan two cups of granulated sugar, a scant level saltspoon of cream of tartar and two-thirds of a cup of hot water, until a little dropped in cold water can be taken up with the fingers and rolled into a soft ball which will just keep its shape. Mold in various sizes and set aside for several hours to harden.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

THIS WEEK'S LIST

of Subscribers Securing Our Daily Jubilee Award.

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

THIS WEEK'S LIST.

The list of successful club raisers for last week, with the amount of subscriptions each sent in is as follows:—

Dec. 11th, Monday, E. Campbell, Melbourne, Ont.	$ 7.70
Dec. 12th, Tuesday, D. Ross, P.M., Watford, Ont.	6.30
Dec. 13th, Wednesday, Miss M. A. Jordan, Buffalo, N.Y.	2.60
Dec. 14th, Thursday, D. Small, Digby, N.S.	10.00
Dec. 15th, Friday, B. MacMahon, Waterville, N.S.	6.95
Dec. 16th, Saturday, W. Clayton, Flesherton, Ont.	7.40

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles Free, besides their commission.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger," or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

Who will be the successful subscribers for next week? The smallness of the amounts sent in should encourage others to go and do likewise or a little better.

MORE PLEASANT SURPRISES.

Hamilton, Dec. 11, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—Your gift of a beautiful Bible came as a very great surprise. Indeed, I had to look over the columns of awards before opening up the parcel, lest there should have been a mistake. Accept my sincere thanks. I only wish that the amount had been a great deal larger. I have read the 'Witness' for forty years. It was ever a welcome visitor in my home of other years. Wishing it continued prosperity, I am, yours sincerely, A. H. BROWN.

Fernandina, Fla., Dec. 9, 1905.

Dear Sir,—I received your valuable present, and thank you for the same, as it was a surprise to me. I have been a subscriber to the 'Weekly Witness' for thirty years, and 'World Wide' since the first issue. I like them the best of any periodicals I take. Again thanking you, and wishing you success and prosperity for the future, I remain, yours sincerely, JAMES G. FREEMAN.

Read what great men are writing about the 'Witness,' and if you are not already taking it, try it for a year. You will find it most satisfactory. See the clubbing rates elsewhere.

Dwarfed Children.

Certain hard knowledges have come to us men and women. We know that fire burns; we know that we must keep our feet on the earth; we know that goodness is expedient. We know these things, not, if you will remember, because our fathers and mothers told us so (though no doubt they wasted their breath in such instruction), but because by hard knocks, by smarting scars, by many falls, we learned the truth of life. We remember how hard it was to learn our lesson, and instinctively we would save the children from such pain. There are very few fathers and mothers who, after a warning that fire burns, can stand by and see the children blister their fingers and learn their own lesson. Very few fathers and mothers have the nerve for this. Instead, they filch the birthright of pain from the children by a timid tenderness, perhaps even a selfish tenderness, that will not let them suffer.

The limitation of material experience has often a spiritual limitation following at its heels. 'I told my boy not to eat a peach,' the mother says, 'and I put it on the mantelpiece where he couldn't reach it, because peaches are very bad for him, you know.' So the child's power to withstand temptation is pruned and nipped, and he keeps well because perforce, he has not eaten anything to disagree with him. If only this mother, whose knowledge of hygiene exceeds her knowledge of souls, had permitted the youngster to have his stomach-ache, much might have been accomplished for them both!—Margaret Deland, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

Respecting the Child's Individuality.

To stand aside and let our children make their own decisions is one of the hardest tasks of motherhood. It is fighting against the instinctive love that longs to shelter and provide. Yet it is often the way of wisdom and not seldom the only effective method of help. Then it is that personality counts and the ideal of motherhood which we have created speak louder than any words. This is, however, a world apart from the indifferent letting alone which has helped to ruin so many children's lives. It is motherhood's highest attainment in the recognition of the child's independent responsibility and growth through struggle. 'I have never preached much to my children,' says a mother in Mr. Leighton's story, 'The Ultimate Moment,' 'I haven't known how. All I've tried to do has been to let them see my ideas of right and wrong and let them make up their minds for themselves about things. It's worked pretty well, too,' she added with a smile, 'I'm proud of my boys.'

The strain comes, of course, when great issues are at stake and the result seems doubtful. Then the wisdom of speech and silence is put to its hardest test. Here again there is a helpful instance in modern fiction. Mrs. Peyton in Edith Wharton's 'Sanctuary,' knows that her son is passing through the decisive struggle of his life—a struggle all the more terrible because it brings him face to face with the same temptation which had wrecked his father's moral life, and, through him, her own happiness. Her whole hope is in this only son and a wrong decision means a parting. Yet she stands aside, silent, recognizing the struggle and suggesting nothing. When the conflict is over her son comes and tells her: 'If you'd said a word—if you'd tried to influence me—the spell would have been broken—but just because the actual you kept apart and didn't meddle or pry, the other you in my heart seemed to get a tighter hold on me.'

This 'mother in the heart' must often stand upon its rights and its accomplishment, fearing to enlist the child's natural love of independence and patience of dictation against it. Its confidence is that when it leaves the child to his own decision it is not leaving the child alone, but to the immediate care of the Spirit of God who teaches men to overcome and makes them grow up by their own free experience.—The 'Congregationalist.'

Sunshine.

Always remember that the sun shines nearly all day from the south, half a day—the first half—from the east, and the other half from the west; but never from the north. Place a new house anyway you please in its relation to the highway, endwise, flatwise, or obliquely. It makes no difference. Even turn it entirely around, so that the front door is where the rear door usually is, upon the opposite side to the approach; but, above everything, make sure that the sunlight is going to do for your living-rooms and bedrooms all it will do; for the bright sunshine of America is our choicest inheritance, and no American can be truly happy for long without it.—Joy Wheeler Dow, in the 'House Beautiful.'

Selected Recipes.

Ham Croquettes.—Chop one cupful of cold boiled ham very fine; mash it with the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Season with one even teaspoonful chopped parsley, a dash of cayenne and a saltspoonful of onion juice. Melt one tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan with a saltspoonful of white pepper; dissolve one heaping tablespoonful of corn starch in two of cold milk, stir it into the melted butter, add gradually one cupful of hot milk and when thick and smooth stir it into the ham; let it become quite cold; shape into cylinders, roll in fine dried bread crumbs, then in beaten egg, in crumbs again, and fry one minute in smoking hot fat. Drain on paper and serve.

Three-Egg Cake.—One and a half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, beat to a cream. Three eggs beaten separately, one-half cup of milk two and one-half cups of flour one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in two layers. Use any icing.

Individual shortcakes are preferred by some to the customary pieces cut from large cakes. For these make biscuits, using more shortening than for tea biscuits, and make them of a larger size. Split them while hot and butter. Put the mashed and sweetened fruit between and serve with cream.

A jelly pie is a delicacy. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and stir them into a glass of currant jelly. Line a pie tin with good paste and bake it. Into this shell, pour the jelly mixture and leave it in a warm oven long enough to set the meringue.

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